The Churchman.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1878.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN.

Once more it is our blessed privilege to celebrate the nativity of our Saviour. Once more we take our places among the millions of redeemed and rejoicing worshippers whom the Christmas sun, as it journeys round the earth, awakens to the glad tidings of a Saviour born. The message comes afresh to us, "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Once more we gather within the walls of our churches, as the wondering shepherds went to Bethlehem, to see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. We hear the wondrous story, so simple yet so complete, of the Saviour's coming to earth. In the few brief verses of St. Luke's Gospel which the Church has well chosen for the lesson of Christmas morning, we see the Roman laws and the Roman authorities unconsciously ordering the fulfilment of the old Jewish prophecies by compelling Mary and Joseph to journey to Bethlehem to be taxed. We see them enter the town with the multitude bent on the same errand with themselves, and toiling, pushing on, through the thronged and crowded streets to that inn where there was no room for Mary the mother of Jesus. But ere the morning comes, a multitude of the heavenly host are singing "Glory to God in the highest," and the mother is laying in the manger her first-born Son, wrapped in swaddling clothes.

Oh, it is a precious thing, year by year, thus to study anew these external earthly features of the Son of God taking to Himself our human nature, and from these externals to pass to the greater fact which is clothed in them!

Who would be without such a day as this! Who is there that, celebrating assiduously his own birthday, will yet refuse to mark with thanksgivings, and holy services, and joyful festivities, the coming of the Son of God!

There is, there could be, no greater reason for thankfulness than this coming of the Son of God, whether we consider, on the one hand, the greatness of the benefit conferred on us, or, on the other, the greatness of the gift and of the love which prompted it. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." Was there ever love like this! Was there ever gift like this, that God should give His only-begotten Son! Was there ever love like this, that the Father should give His well-beloved Son! that the Son should willingly empty himself of His glory to take upon Him our weak human nature! It is a love which passeth man's understanding. It is an infinite love. It is the majesty of God seeking for a gift which shall be worthy of His dignity and honor, and finding nothing thus worthy but Himself. It is the love of the Father toward us, endeavoring to kindle in us a love toward Him. It is the Son willingly offering Himself, that He might come to us to draw and lead us, His younger brethren, unto His Father! Was ever gift or love like this? Angels to whom no such love had ever been shown, no such gift been given, shouted hosannas at the descending of the Son of God to earth, and shall we not welcome Him with loving hearts?

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited His people."

CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCE.

It is the peril of every day of commemoration that it may outlive the thought according to which it was instituted. This was true even of an event so full of intense national memories as the exodus from Egypt. There would come a time, the Holy Spirit foresaw, when the young would ask of the old, "What mean ye by this service?" and when it would be needful to turn to the solemn and sacred scrolls of the Law to explain the reason and to revive the motive of the paschal feast.

There is a vast difference in the manner of the Christmas observance in this land between the past and the present. Instead of being the care of a few who represented one or two religious bodies among many, and who held their festival amid the wondering or carping comments of the majority, Christmas has now become a national holiday. Hardly a pulpit but has something to say in its honor. More than one of those denominations which are bound by no rubrical provisions to do so are opening their doors and instituting services. It would seem as if the danger above spoken of were very far from the present day. Yet there is danger that the central thought, the coming of Christ to be born of a virgin, the taking of man's nature by the eternal Son of God, may be obscured by the accessories and lighter thoughts of the day.

It is only in a religious truth, and that a central truth, that an observance can permanently find root. Not as an English festival, not as a merry household season, not because of literature and poetry and graceful custom, but as the day of the Incarnation, will Christmas have a continuing life. The outward observance is needed to keep fresh the doctrine, but the doctrine must continue to warrant the observance. If faith in Christ be lost, the day will not restore it. If the day be blotted out of the calendar, such is human nature, the doctrine will be in danger of falling into obscurity. This bids the Church both to keep her great day of commemoration and thanksgiving, and to so keep it as to remember why it is kept. The religious thought must overtop the social.

It is sometimes said that the Christmas communion is not fully attended because of family and social hindrances. This ought not so to be. It is one of those days when every communicant not hindered by sickness ought to try to be present, and all other cares and duties of the day should bend and give place to this.

Doubtless this is so in many places, but not everywhere.

THE UPLIFTING IN THE NATIVITY.

In the coming of Christ humanity was lifted heavenward. There was in it a new life, a new joy and inspiration, a new hope combined with the power to realize. What some underlying force is to the upheaval of a continent, such was the coming of the Messiah to the uplifting of the race. A Divine life came behind it and entered into it. A Divine Person was conjoined with it and caused it to be reëmpowered; a divinely human Saviour put it upon a new and helpful and triumphant career. There was a lifting out of darkness and sin, out of sensuality and earthliness, out of bondage and fear, out of poverty and joylessness, out of mortality and misery. A new life combines with the life corrupted, a new power qualifies and invigorates it, a new hope animates it, a heaven before unknown becomes the object of man's desire and longing.

And what Christ in His coming did, the Church, through Christ, is in its sphere to carry on. It cannot, indeed, as Christ did, combine humanity with Divinity; it cannot transform and lift it unto the life of God; but it is to be the great power in the world by which, through Christ and the Spirit, the fall is to be arrested, humanity recovered and set upon the high plane of the Divine life and freedom. Let "the powers that be" do what they can to promote justice in the earth, and to help man and society in their earthly relations. But the Church at every moment must look beyond this world. Its uplifting power must be supernatural. It must ever aim to lift man and society above this life and beyond it. The range it contemplates must be spiritual and

heavenly. It must have faith, not in forces, but in God; not in civilization, but the Gospel. It must believe that through Christ it can do all things. It can recall men from their sin; it can help them in their misery; it can share with them in poverty and sorrow; it can proclaim a hope which maketh not ashamed; it can help them realize their immortal destiny. The Church, like its Founder, is to be a perpetually uplifting power, pointing men beyond this world, and helping them in all heavenly aspiration and attainment.

RETRIBUTIVE CONSEQUENCES.

Retribution inevitably follows a wrong. It would seem as if God had designed to hedge round the second great commandment of the Law with the terrors of His chastisements. Until we learn and do our duty by our brethren, society will be subject to discords and crimes that endanger personal safety, peace, and prosperity. Such are God's retributions for our disregard of His precepts.

The rich have failed in their duty to the poor. The capitalist has been thoughtless of the rights of the laborer. The employer has been indifferent to the spiritual needs of the employed. The Church has spoken out upon this subject, the clergy have pleaded with their people in this behalf. The response has been but occasional and feeble. The consequence is what any one of common sagacity ought to have foreseen. The large portion of the laboring class, whose religious instruction has been neglected, have not known how to act upon the highest principles. Where Gospel principles were not inculcated, socialism, communism, atheism, and infidelity have been instilled. The harvest is beginning to ripen. It is the inevitable consequence—the working of a law of cause and effect—but God's hand is in it.

But on a larger scale, and in a field not immediately under our eyes, there is a fearful instance of the working of this law. Everybody has heard of the spread of socialism in the nations across the Atlantic. Russia, Prussia, France, Austria, Italy are full of it, and other countries are largely affected by it. While the cause may be due there as well as here, largely to the neglect or the corruptions of the Church, there is a further cause there, which does not to any extent exist here.

The Jews have not been persecuted in this country. What of social ostracism they have felt, when it has not been the consequence of their own conduct, has been but an echo of their oppressions in the old countries. But in the East the story of the wrongs and outrages heaped upon them has occupied a large space in the history of Christian nations. The powerful trampled upon them and robbed them. The Church, forgetting the prayer of the Saviour—"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do"—persecuted them for crucifying the Lord. But the retribution comes. Sovereigns make war or peace as Jewish money-lenders supply them with the means. The moves of politicians on the chessboard of diplomacy are dictated by Jews. Every nation in Europe has Jews in its councils. The foremost premier in the world is a Hebrew. Does it not look like retribution?

But the world is now facing a still more remarkable and fearful example of the operation of God's law of retributive justice. The prime movers, the head and front of the communistic and atheistic movement that now threatens the social upheaval of the Eastern continent, are Jews. They are Jews whom the Church would not make Christians, and the enemy of the Church has made them atheists. Disraeli himself, in his Life of Lord George Bentinck, adverts to this fact. We quote:

"Existing society has chosen to persecute a race which should furnish its choice allies, and what have been the consequences? They may be traced in the outbreak of the destructive principle in Europe. An insurrection takes place against tradition and aristocracy; against religion and property. Destruction of the Semitic principles, extirpation of the Jewish religion, whether in the Mosaic or the Christian form, the natural equality of man, and the abrogation of property are proclaimed by the secret societies who form provisional governments, *and men of the Jewish race are found at the head of every one of them.* The people of God coöperate with atheists; the most skilful accumulators of property ally themselves with communists; the peculiar and chosen race touch the hand of all the scum and low castes of Europe! And all this because they wish to destroy that ungrateful Christendom which owes to them even its name, and whose tyranny they can no longer endure."

The same thing is emphasized in a recent editorial article in the (London) *Jewish World.* It says:

"It must be evident that if despotisms oppress the general population, the lot of the Jews must indeed be unenviable, and that they should be foremost to take part in revolutions, such as occurred in 1848, is not at all surprising. In 1789 Jews were found amongst those who ushered in the 'reign of terror'; Jews were even amongst the marshals and generals of Bonaparte. The provisional governments of Germany, Italy, and France, all include Jews amongst their members, and the defence of Venice was carried on by Manini, a Jew; and in Austria, both Kuranda and Spitza were amongst the revolutionary ringleaders. Now again, that a similar state of things is about to arise in Europe, the Jewish element becomes prominent. It has already been stated that the leader of the German socialists, Carl Marx, is a Hebrew, and we have no doubt that amongst the discontents of both Russia and Austria our co-religionists figure largely."

And now, are we too stupid to read and heed the lesson thus brought before us? There are in this country a quarter of a million of Jews, the possessors of that wealth which every enterprise needs, men of superior scholarship, men of brains. On which side are these powers to be enlisted? Shall they go to the ranks of socialism, rationalism, atheism?

We are confident in the assertion that never in the history of the world has there been a time more favorable for leading the Israelites to Him whom their fathers crucified. Not only may this fact be verified, upon inquiry, here, before our own eyes, but the testimony of those abroad who are interested in this matter proves it. The Jews themselves feel it, and their publications abound in intimations of it. If Christendom would atone for the past, now is its opportunity. In the words of a Jew, recently uttered, "The great question before us now would seem to be, Are the Jews of the future to be Christian or infidel? The answer will no doubt largely depend upon the amount of Christian earnestness displayed now in the present."

THE FIRST CHURCH ALMANAC IN AMERICA.

Almanacs are generally considered as dry bones, but the particular specimen which we have styled "The First Church Almanac in America" was found to possess a due proportion of meat. Copies of this almanac, known as Bradford's, are now exceedingly scarce; and collectors are quite willing to give twenty dollars for one, though it numbers only a few pages. A set comprising the years 1704–1716 has recently been presented to the New York Historical Society by Mr. Abraham V. W. Van Vechten, a lawyer of this city. This series originally belonged to one of his ancestors at Catskill. The title-page is wanting on the number for 1704, but that of the following year runs as follows: "The American Almanac for the year of Christian Account 1705. Being the first after Leap Year. And the fourth year of our gracious Sovereign Queen Anne." The editor is "Daniel Leeds, Philomat," while it is "Printed and Sold by William Bradford at the Bible, in New York."

The name of William Bradford, whose two hundredth anniversary was celebrated by the above-mentioned society in 1863, is one worthy of all honor, as a printer and publisher who knew his duty to both Church and State Antedating Franklin, he was the first printer in the middle portion of the country, and the first in America to propose printing the Bible and Prayer Book in the English language. His ecclesiastical almanac was regarded as an indispensable hand-book for a loyal English Churchman, while it is evident that in publishing it from year to year he sought to do solid service for the Church. As the title-page indicates, his were the "good old days of Queen Ann," a "sovereign" who con-

tinually manifested her deep interest in the American branch of the Church by substantial gifts, among which were Bibles, Prayer Books, and silver plate. In 1704 the churches in America were few, and the almanac mentions the date of the founding of only four—Christ church, Boston; Trinity church, New York; Christ church, Philadelphia; and the church at Burlington, near which place, at Egg Harbor, the editor of the almanac lived.

Though originally a Quaker, Mr. Bradford, upon coming to America, obtained fresh light as the result of becoming a Churchman and subsequently a vestryman of Old Trinity, whose corporation, in 1863, restored his monument in the churchyard. The occasion was a memorable one. The wheels of commerce stood still on Broadway at the hour of noon, while honor was done to the memory of the great Church printer.

The almanac appeared at a time when Quakerism was giving trouble to both society and the Church. Indeed, as we view the placid Quaker of to-day, so gentle, so kind and polite, it is with difficulty that we recognize him as the descendant of the fiery agitator who of old wished to turn the world upside down. Having erred in the beginning of life by adopting their tenets, it is probable that Bradford was anxious to undo his former work, and therefore gave his editor full liberty to attack his old associates, a liberty which he fully improved. Daniel Leeds, Philomat, enjoyed the work, and waited impatiently for the years to roll around and bring his opportunity. The editor of a Church almanac would make an odd figure in our time if he were to nurse his wrath from year to year for the express purpose of discharging it upon the almanac-maker of a neighboring denomination; but we must remember that the times were comparatively rude, while the means of attack and defence were few in the days of Queen Ann. Besides, the almanac, which went everywhere, afforded an excellent vehicle for thought. The plan was to condemn the Quakers out of their own writings. Hence, George Fox, and "the fluent Mr. Penn," formed a part of the exhibition, as the latter denounced "the idle gormandizing priests of England," for running away with "above £1,500,000 a year." Leeds disposes of the pretensions of the Quakers, who professed to preach without remuneration, by showing that "Stephen Crisp, formerly a poor weaver, turn'd preacher, left off his trade, and Dyed very rich," while Fox died "worth more than the late Archbishop of Canterbury." Mead, who was thankful that he was not as other men, had his allowance charged to him on one page, and credit given for the same amount on another.

But the almanac was not wholly devoted to attacks. Leeds also set himself to make a creditable defence for the Church, which "has made good progress in these parts of America in bringing many out of the great Heretic, Error and Ignorance that they had been led into by false teachers." His account of the festivals and fasts is admirable and sound, and probably forms the first publication on the subject in America. His calendars are very full and useful, and are sprinkled with historic memoranda and apt aphorisms, besides telling the citizens of "Egg-harbour" what weather to expect on a certain day. Philomat loved to figure as Old Probabilities.

Part of his advocacy of holy days is thrown into some rhymes which we spare the reader, but he very aptly concludes by saying: "What though the Papists (who rent themselves from the Episcopal Church which Christ and His apostles left established) have introduced *idolatry and superstition* in the observance of those *holy days*, must we therefore *forget* them, and reject the good use of them too? No, God forbid. For by the same rule we may reject the Scripture and the whole Christian religion." He is equally sensible and conclusive in his defence of episcopacy and liturgies, showing that some of the laity in those days were in advance of certain of the clergy, who indulged in loose speech and spoke not at all, and let things drift at the mercy of all sorts of ecclesiastical wind and weather.

The editor was a ready rhymester, and garnished every part of his almanac with original effusions, beginning the year 1707 with the following:

"Thus I've appear'd in print full twenty years,
While others p'ay bow-peep, and sometimes appear
Then disappear, yet still I keep my station,
And yearly jog on in familiar fashion."

As a specimen of his elegant fancy, we may quote from another January opening:

"The bald-pate woods are perriwig'd with wool,
That Nature from congeal'd clouds doth pull."

Rival almanac-makers treated one another in those days with scant courtesy, and thus he sets down Jacob Taylor of Philadelphia as "a lump of conceit," because he "makes the moon to be south for two nights together at the same hour and minute"; and he calls upon "gentlemen" who have clocks, to mark the issue, agreeing, if they should find him in error, to be published as "a fool to the world." He also summons the public to observe how "this wrangling Taylor hits himself a box upon the ear" in the course of certain false computations. The gentle Taylor, however, had called Leeds a "Rhadamanthus" and a "fool" in advance; and, what our editor considered equally offensive, also wrote verses. Leeds wished to be astronomer-royal and poet-laureate too, though at the same time saying, "spiteful criticks yearly snarll at me."

In 1714 the Church almanac-maker, having labored twenty-seven years to supply a "diary gratis," resigned in favor of his son "Titan," who also affected the "Philomat," though anything but Titanic in his literary labors. In December of 1714 he informs all good Churchmen that

"Strong beer stout syder and a good fire
Are things this season doth require."

Yet, notwithstanding the apparent oddity of many features of these almanacs, the projector is worthy of all praise. He really did a good work for the infant Church in America, and one that should be acknowledged. Bradford saw he importance of maintaining sound Church principles at a time when a general indifference prevailed. This he did with wisdom and moderation. As already indicated, he also projected the publication of the Bible and Prayer Book, which were to go together. This might be regarded as the Bible and Prayer Book Society in embryo; for he saw that in these respects the Church needed to be thoroughly furnished. For a period of a hundred and fifty years the proposition itself was lost sight of, and it is not known to-day whether the Bible was actually finished. A copy of the proposition was at last discovered pasted, face down, upon the inside of the cover of an old book; and now we read upon the back of one of these old almanacs for 1706, long lost to sight, the following notice, which is almost illegible:

"There is now in Press, and will shortly be published, the Common Prayer-*Book*, with the new Version of Psalms, by N. Tate and Brady, &c. It will be well printed in a fair large Character, on good Paper, and will be bound in small Quarto."

This is the first Prayer Book printed in America, and in 1863 no copy of it was known; while only two copies of it have since been found. Some one has yet to discover a copy of the Bible, for which subscribers were to pay one-half cash, and the balance in trade. Will readers look up the imprint on their old Bibles?

We take leave of the almanac, in calling attention to the editor's apology for the typographical errors that were found in a previous edition. The printer was "sick," while the editor lived far away at Egg Harbor. Owing to these circumstances the moon got out of its cycle, and his precious "verses" were put in the wrong place; all of which, he sadly confesses, made that "atheistical" Jacob Taylor aforementioned "crow like a cock," and "write several pages to run me down."

B. F. DeCosta.

SECULAR DISORDERS AND THE LAW OF CHURCH LIFE.—III.

Undoubtedly we must recognize a necessary difference between the Church life of the very first age, which was wholly a missionary age, and Church life as conditioned by the structure and wants of society after the Church had secured a permanent lodgment and effected local organizations. There are several respects in which we cannot argue from what visible Christianity was while our Lord was on earth, or even down to the death of St. Paul, to what it ought to be in the sub-apostolic or in after times. It is quite possible that these changed conditions would justify the formation of the diocesan and parochial systems, as they would new modes of administration and discipline, and liturgic alterations. To say, therefore, that nothing is warranted in the outward economy of the Divine kingdom which has not an exact pattern in the New Testament would be an extravagance sufficient to vitiate our whole course of remark.

The actual inquiry then comes to be whether the visible economy now in vogue, especially the financial scheme and the material supports of the Church generally admitted among us, can properly be included in those allowable changes brought about by the advance of the kingdom into new epochs or communities.

It may be safely claimed that they can be if (1) they involve no departure from the original principles of the Gospel, if (2) they violate no primal law of the kingdom of Christ in which that Gospel was enshrined, and (3) if they favor those fruits of the Spirit which the Gospel of the kingdom was set upon the earth to bring forth, in all ages and lands. It certainly cannot be pretended that they are to be so included if they deny those principles, or infringe that law, or damage those spiritual fruits.

I have in my possession a printed ticket issued in Puritan times by a lottery, belonging to a religious denomination in Rhode Island, avowedly to promote the building of a house of worship. It is well enough known what has been done lately of the same kind in an unfinished cathedral in New York. Ir-

reverence has not gone so far, I believe, with all its audacity, as to pretend that these acts are to be ranked with the casting of lots in the apostolic college. We say, therefore, that they contradict a law of the Divine kingdom, which is that the Gospel is to grow in the world by labor and sacrifice, not by chance; that they repudiate an ethical principle in the Gospel, "Thou shalt not covet," even though we should assent to Archbishop Whateley's dubious view that the only sin in gambling is covetousness; and that, whether they break any human statute or not, they injure the spiritual health of all who have anything to do with them by substituting a heating and disordering excitement of the mind for patient industry and religious tranquillity.

Setting the gaming-table aside, are there any dangers to the life of Christ, in the soul and in His body, from the use of the world's money in the affairs of the Church? We all see that worship, preaching, missions, and charities, cannot be carried on without a constant resort to private property, without dependence on money, without a financial system. And here is where the temptation to secularization is most successful. To a vast extent the money we wish for to do the Church's work is in the hands of the world's men. Suppose the world's men freely and unconditionally offer any part of it for the Church's various purposes. Looking at the words and life of Christ, the original law, we find nothing to forbid its being taken, consecrated, and used, *provided its acceptance includes no direct or constructive bargain with the worldling*, shields none of his sins, silences or softens no rebuke of them, sells to him no immunity or privilege or power, gives him no status, and in no way blurs the dividing line between the kingdom of God and the rabble of mammon. If it does any one of these things the acceptance is disallowed by the first principles of a pure Gospel. We cannot so much as conceive of the Saviour as countenancing any such sordid stain on the whiteness of His Bride. He purchased her with His own blood; shall she be sold for silver and gold? If, in the qualifications of a warden or vestryman, or building-committee or delegate to a representative or legislative convention, wealth or worldly position is permitted to hide any vice, profanity, iniquity, or to outweigh any poor man's virtues, the inherent simoniacal element is not sifted out by the indirectness of the transaction. The man has no business, no right, no liberty, to keep ward for the Church of Christ, to direct its policy, to represent it, to make laws for it, to select its teachers, to say what it shall do or leave undone. If the congregation or parish should put him in office, they share his presumption and take the responsibilities of his sins. If the clergyman flatters or fears him, or pays court to him, or squares his own conduct to gratify his whims, or leaves out a true sentence from his sermon, for no better reason than that the parishioner has some secular advantage, he is not only a coward but a traitor. In his heart he denies the almightiness of God, and the Cross that sealed his commission. All the crosses about him on the walls and church furniture cry out upon him.

It is objected, Are you proposing to cut off the revenue that the Church is receiving from irreligious people? and if you do that, how do you expect that the Church support and the Church extension which you find it so difficult to keep up now will be kept up at all? We propose what, as we understand Him, the Lord not only proposes but commands, viz., that His cause shall abide by its own law, live on its own tributes, be supported by its own adherents, and grow by its own vital energy. Who will venture in plain terms to propose anything less? Has it come to this, that the family of God in Christendom is so shiftless and so pauperized that it must beg the means of subsistence from aliens and lookers-on, from heathen and unbelievers, from pleasure hunters and sensualists, from men and women "without God in the world"? Will any Christian venture to assert that the Christian corporation is unable to pay its expenses without knocking as a mendicant at the doors of the world, the flesh, and the devil? As has been said already, if these enemies to the Cross of Christ, if the impenitent, the doubting, the half-converted, the impulsive prodigals softened into better moods, grateful perhaps for what they see the Church is doing for interests which they prize, are moved to give gifts to her treasuries, regularly or irregularly, at the offertory or otherwise, receiving therefor no countenance in their unbelief, no favor for their disobedience, no cloak for their sin, we know of no prohibition in the Bible forbidding such offerings, and no discouragement to the hope that the altar may sanctify the gift. But whenever the Church, anywhere, comes to depend on such supplies, to lean on such supports, to court them, to wait, to compromise, to trim, to fawn for them, her bridal honor has gone out of her heart, the clear look of conscious purity is no more on her face, strength has sunk from her hands, and she stands first humiliated, and then accursed.

Of course there are congregations all over the land where there would be alarm at the suggestion that the Church is not to look to the world for patronage. Some priests would tremble for their bread. Some missionary boards would stand aghast. A certain class of hybrid Churchmen would find it a heavy tax on their civility to abstain from calling us fools for our utopianism. It would be said that earth and air, silver and gold, cattle and harvests, belong to God; and that would be true; why not proceed then to collect the rental at least wherever it can be found? Because the original law of the Church is that, as the gift of eternal life in Christ is free, so the obedience of faith and love is free also. The path back from disorders to first principles is not expected to be perfectly smooth. But is not the journey worth the cost? How do we know but that, if we plant our feet on solid rock, and stand by our flag, and consent to be where Christ and His apostles were, this very singleness of heart would impress the world, as the mixed and compromising way does not impress it, would convince it, and win it? How do we know but in a very few years fuller streams would be running into these treasuries than now? It is a wonderfully safe thing to take God's road, and travel on in it. Some things, to be sure, we cannot take there with us which have a sort of attraction. But we find we can spare them and still be at peace. He is there. Some priests, some congregations, some missionary leaders, will rejoice in breathing the air of a nobler liberty, and for being emancipated from the secular yoke. The faithful can then go about their proper business, knowing where they are, whose they are; and, if lightly loaded, light-hearted. Precisely what proportion of our ecclesiastical income is contributed by irreligious men there is no means of knowing; but *till the original rule of universal, free-will weekly offerings in the church is fairly put in operation, no one can affirm that the gifts of baptized and believing people would not be enough for all the wants of the Church*, in every diocese, parish, and mission in the land. "Lord, increase our faith," till the Christian religion is proclaimed and propagated, before the face of the world, by Christian people!

Let it not be said that we set up an arbitrary standard of conformity, or sharpen unduly the line between the men of Christ and the men of the world. Granted that there are very worldly communicants, by all means let them be treated as just what they are, and let not their worldliness be condoned for their professions, or lifted to honor, or winked out of sight. Granted that there are righteous non-communicants, it is difficult to see how their persevering disobedience to an express command of the Master can be reckoned a part of their righteousness. There is a deeper test than even sacramental observance; though one fails to see why baptism, as being the universal sign and bond of membership in the body, should not be required of those who take office or aspire to rule in that body. Measures can generally be judged apart from men. And it must be a very purblind company of the faithful which is incompetent to recognize "the world" under any of its disguises, or to discriminate between two kingdoms of which Jesus Christ was constantly declaring that they are in utter, fundamental, necessary, perpetual opposition. "My kingdom is not of this world." "Me the world hateth"; "it hated Me before it hated you." "I have chosen you out of the world." "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing."

Yet, we are never to forget, He, for His part, never "hated" the world. Had He hated it He could not have gained it. In the midst of the inevitable war, raging everywhere around Him, He kept His heavenly compassion for the world's children, who are always the world's bondmen, fighting against Him. The intensest resistance, the most uncompromising hostility to the world itself, is compatible with the tenderest charity and the most yearning pity for those whom it has captured, wronged, and debased. So we are made; so the Son of Man has shown. Our problem is to love the lost while we ruin their cause. Let in personal ill-will, an impatient temper, a condemnatory pride, a narrow pharisaism, and you are almost sure to throw the worldly men beyond the reach of your most merciful appeal. Where then is the self-sacrificing love which is the heart and life and law of our spiritual house? No secular disorder can be healed but by that restorative alone. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved."

F. D. Huntington.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

November 30th, 1878.

So many interesting points have cropped up this week in connection with Church matters that it may be well to write about them at once. Perhaps that which has attracted most attention is Mr. Orby Shipley's secession to Rome. The *Times* devotes a leading article to the subject, and it has called forth letters in that paper from Mr. Carter, Dr. Littledale, and other ritualists. Your readers will chiefly know Mr. Shipley by

ditorship of the two series of essays called e Church and the World," but he has also ted Roman books to English use, and taken ading part amongst his sect at different s. Now, however, that he has gone over the er, they repudiate him, and make light of ublic position, saying that he was only em- ed by a publisher to collect essays, and so There is truth in both views. No doubt he er some years been more extravagant than of his compeers, but he was certainly d on as a representative ritualist a very years ago. The awkward part of his very id letter to the *Times* on his joining the an communion was that he declared that hange at last was only too exactly logical— necessary logical consequence of his ritual- premises. He finds many of his opponents eing with him here; and thus the affair is ing a great sensation. What rather amuses ublic, and even excites a sarcastic remark the Bishop of Oxford (which occurs in his nce of Cuddesden College, issued to-day), is Shipley's naïve admission that he has yield- o Rome because he must recognize some ority beyond his own free will, and that he uses that free will in joining Rome now ively for the last time; or, as the Bishop of rd puts it: "We have learned with amaze- from a recent convert to Rome that pri- judgment is a gift of God, to be exercised for all in the refusal to exercise it ever ." It reminds one of "Old Poz," in one of Edgeworth's charming stories, now forgot- Old Poz was a very dictatorial old gentle- , who was "poz" upon everything. At last punished for his disagreeable propensity, declares—"the ruling passion being strong eath"—"I'll never be poz again, that's poz." ever, though Mr. Shipley is not very wise, a sad pity that so good and holy a man as ndoubtedly is should have fallen into these ous courses; and one can only hope and that those with whom he has worked for so y years will take warning. If one may bute their declension and defection from the Anglican standard to one thing more than her, it is to the introduction of Romish s "adapted," as people say, for the English ch. They are, in fact, very little "adapt- they breathe a spirit alien to the mind of Church, and they excite an unwholesome ing for stronger food of the same sort.

e venerable Society for the Propagation of Gospel appears to be passing through a crisis, h may not improbably break it up. This is other subject of which the papers are full, t any rate the ecclesiastical ones. The meeting of the society was stormy. The bers of the English Church Union muster- overwhelming force, and carried a motion bolishing the present condition under which ionaries are sent forth by the sanction and the funds of the society. This condition, since 1854 has been that they must pass re a board which is appointed by the Arch- ops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop London. It was originally framed, I believe, eep some check upon the ultra-evangelicals, in those days seemed to be the least likely he missionary candidates to work on the r Anglican lines of the S. P. G. Bishop ne, the youthful Bishop of Bombay, has y, however, pressed for the appointment of rtain Mr. Cecil Rivington, a young clergy- of the most extreme type. The board, naturally, were dissatisfied with his answers heir questions, yet after all sanctioned his ointment. Their proceedings were voted quisitorial" by the English Church Union; their "general secretary," a Mr. Marshall, oped up his friends to pass a resolution by ch the sanction of the board is to be dispens- ith whenever a bishop expresses a wish for particular missionary. It must be said that colonial bishops were asked their opinion on subject, and that all who answered the ques- except the Bishop of Dunedin (whose epis- e was nipped in the bud), were strongly he continuance of the board. The society ist now suffering from the loss of its chief retary, Mr. Bullock, and perhaps from this e failed to put the subscribers on the alert, at the opposition to the organized forces of E. C. U. was very feeble, while Mr. Marshall ly attacked the primates and the Bishop of London, and lectured the few prelates who did attend with the most consummate audacity. The outcry of the subscribers was strong in proportion to their surprise as soon as the news got about. The Bishops of Peterborough (Magee) and Gloucester and Bristol (Ellicott) publicly threaten to leave the society unless this vote is reversed; and they will be followed by so many others that, as I said, there seems a poor chance for the venerable society, to which your branch of the Church acknowledges such great obligations. Even if the vote is reversed at the next meeting, these irrepressible gentry will bring it on again; and so the schism will go on and spread. It is a melancholy outlook.

The Cuddesden dispute has advanced another stage by the letters of the Cuddesden students, with the Bishop of Oxford's defence, and that of his principal's; but, not to weary your readers, I will reserve that matter till I can report something more decisive than the declaration of the accused parties that they are innocent.

All England is agitated by the *pros* and *cons* of the Afghan policy; for as Parliament is to meet next week in order to discuss it, this involves the break-up of many households and the disorganization of many winter schemes of hospitality and amusement. Some stormy scenes will be witnessed; but the arguments can hardly be very different from those with which our papers have been flooded during the last few weeks. Lord Cranbrook's *résumé* of the course of events leading up to the present war has been fiercely attacked by the Duke of Argyle; but now the whole of the papers have been published, we can judge for ourselves, and it does not appear that there has been any unfair color given by the Minister for India. Sir Henry Rawlinson's masterly article in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*, backed up as it is by Lord Napier of Magdala's letter in to-day's *Times*, seems to set the action of our government beyond the reach of attack, and we may anticipate a very large majority in their favor. Our past policy does certainly appear to have been selfish, cowardly, and therefore unwise. We tried to shut our eyes to what was going on beyond our frontier, hoping for some favorable turn of events. The Eastern question making peace with Russia most doubtful, exposed the rottenness of our position, and it was absolutely necessary to act. We can now only hope that a prince like Shere Ali, whom we have really betrayed into a war by our former weak peace policy, may not be made to suffer too much, and that the Russians will have sense enough to give him wise counsel. As yet all goes smooth; we are virtually through the dreaded passes with next to no loss, and we have not much more to fear. The temper of India is more than favorable, and we shall gain more than we shall lose; not indeed in territory, for we shall abstain from taking more than the necessary mountain passes, which will prevent our neighbors from operating upon India. These we must have.

I wish I had room for the amusing legal duel which has just taken place between Ruskin and Whistler. Both sides have to pay for their whistle—excuse so poor a joke—the former for his insulting criticism of the artist's pictures, "paint pots thrown in the face of the public by a coxcomb and an impostor"; the latter for making such very audacious experiments upon our English love of novelty, and want of taste, in matters of art. But why should not Mr. Whistler get £200 for two days' work if he can get it?

ENGLAND.

Resignation of the Bishop of Durham.—The Bishop of Durham has placed in the hands of the Archbishop of York the resignation of his see, which he has held for more than seventeen years. The infirmities of old age are the cause of his resignation.

Electric Light.—The electric light has been tried in the nave of Bristol cathedral with great success.

St. James's, Hatcham.—The controversy in reference to Mr. Tooth and Mr. Maccoll has become a merely personal one. Mr. Macoll denies some of the statements of previous correspondents. The *Guardian* declines publishing any more letters on the subject. It is now announced that the patron has nominated the Rev. A. H. Walker, formerly of St. Alban's, Holborn, the successor of Mr. Tooth, whose resignation the bishop has accepted. Some of the choir have expressed their determination to resign on Mr. Maccoll's retirement. It is also understood that the large body of moderate High Churchmen will resent any attempt to reintroduce vestments and lights at St. James's, on the ground that their church will again become the scene of serious disturbances on the part of the ultra-Protestant party.

Order of Corporate Reunion.—The vicar of St. John's, Hammersmith, now openly charges that Mr. Frederic George Lee, vicar of All Saints', Lambeth, is a bishop of the Order of Corporate Reunion.

Death of Mrs. Tait.—Mrs. Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in Edinburgh on Sunday night, December 1st. She was the youngest daughter of the Ven. W. Spooner, Archdeacon of Coventry, and was in 1843 married to the archbishop, then head master of Rugby. There was scarcely a charity or benevolent institution in which she did not take an interest. Her loss will be severely felt.

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.—At the last monthly meeting Canon Gregory gave notice that he should move the rescinding of the resolution lately passed with regard to the appointment of missionaries. The Standing Committee have given notice that they shall postpone acting under the new by law until Canon Gregory's motion shall have been disposed of.

Bishop Returned.—The Bishop of Antigua, Dr. Jackson, after a ministry of forty-five years in the West Indies, is obliged to return on account of the small endowment of the see. Arrangements for the administration of the diocese have been made with the Bishop of Barbadoes.

FRANCE.

The Late Bishop Dupanloup.—Cardinal Caverot, Archbishop of Lyons, has been nominated by the episcopate as Mgr. Dupanloup's successor on the Supreme Educational Council, and the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier is at present an unopposed candidate for the late prelate's seat in the academy.

GERMANY.

Cremation.—The Protestant Church authorities of Gotha have prescribed a religious service to be used at cremations. The body is to be conveyed into a *quasi* chapel or hall, and placed over a particular spot; a hymn is sung, at the choice of the mourners, the usual sermon or address is given by the clergyman, and a chorale is chanted by a choir of boys, after which the body descends into the hall of cremation to slow music, the clergyman pronouncing a blessing as it goes out of sight. "Earth to earth" is of course not now recited, nor, it would seem, is "ashes to ashes." Friends of the deceased are allowed to make speeches, with the permission of the chaplain. The magistracy of Munich has just refused leave to set up a cremation hall, on the ground of its not being necessary. They had previously consulted the clergy and ministers of the city, and found that the Roman Catholics declined to approve, while the Protestants and Jews declared themselves to be indifferent.

The Old Catholics.—The Old Catholic congregation of Bonn has elected as its pastor Dr. Thürlings, hitherto at Kempten, in Bavaria. His acquisition is a great gain for the Rhine province (of which, indeed, he is a native), and a corresponding loss for Bavaria. The recently ordained priest, Hülkart, is to undertake, provisionally, charge of Kempten.

ITALY

The American Church and the King.—The Rome correspondent of the *Guardian*, writing under date of November 29th, says:

"On Saturday evening I attended a solemn *Te Deum*, sung at the American Church with the same loyal intent. From the beautiful tower, a *chef d'oeuvre* of our architect, Mr. Street, hung a splendid American flag; and

over the west door the Italian flag between two star spangled banners. The interior of the church was well lighted, and the altar handsomely decorated with bouquets of flowers and lighted candelabra. Several English clergymen accompanied the rector, Dr. Nevin, who intoned the litany, which was choral. The American minister (Mr. Marsh), the English ambassador (Sir A. Paget), and other ambassadors of the Protestant powers, attended. The church was full, numbers of Italians, especially of Italian soldiers, being present."

CANADA.

QUEBEC—*St. Francis Association.*—On Wednesday, December 11th, this association held its annual meeting in Sherlocke. A very able sermon was preached by the Right Reverend the Bishop of New Hampshire, on the words "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." The chief subject of the sermon was, the power of a truly Christian life to advance the cause of Christ's ancient Church amongst those outside her fold. In the evening a well attended missionary meeting was held in the City Hall. The Bishop of Quebec took the chair; the Rev. E. C. Parkin read a very interesting report of the St. Francis Association, showing the general progress of the Church of England in the eastern townships. The chairman then gave a brief address, after which the Bishop of New Hampshire gave a vigorous address on Unselfishness as the root-principle of Christian life. The next address was by the Rev. N. F. Putman, of St. Johnsbury; he briefly but forcibly detailed the successful planting and vigorous growth of the Episcopal Church in that town. The last address of the evening was given by the principal of Bishops College, Dr. Lobley, on the recent extension of the missionary work of the English Church in Tinnevelly, in Southern India. For eighteen months past about 600 converts a month from paganism have been gathered into the Church of Christ; whole villages have turned to God from idols; and those on the spot, best able to judge, give weighty reasons for believing that this work of conversion will be a permanent work. The offertory at the anniversary service, and the collection at the missionary meeting, were both devoted, as usual, to the missionary work of the English Church in the great Diocese of Algoma. They amounted altogether to $74.

MONTREAL—*Consecration of Dean Bond.*—The Bishop of Fredericton, who is the senior bishop of the ecclesiastical province, has informed Dean Bond, the bishop elect of Montreal, that his consecration will take place on the 25th of January next.

NIAGARA—*Dundas*—On Sunday, December 8th, the bishop confirmed twenty-four persons in St. James's church, Dundas.

HURON—*Seaforth.*—St. Thomas's church, Seaforth, has been greatly enlarged and improved. It now seats four hundred persons. It was reopened with appropriate services on Sunday, December 15th.

IMPORTANT MISSIONARY WORK.

The Board of Managers, in addition to its usual Advent and Epiphany appeal, is desirous of calling the attention of the Church to certain points which are of the utmost importance, at the present time, in connection with our missionary work.

The contributions for the various departments, confided to the care of the board, have been, during the past year, considering the financial depression, unexpectedly large and liberal. At the same time these contributions are not in excess of what is absolutely needed for the bare maintenance of the work to which we are already pledged; and nothing is left for the discharge of the indebtedness now resting heavily upon certain departments of our missionary operations. While this is the state of things, continued appeals are made to us to extend our present work or to enter upon new enterprises. The fields to which we are thus invited are for the most part full of interest and promise. They are urged upon our favorable consideration by men of the highest position and influence. In declining to enter upon them, as we are constantly obliged to do, we know that we incur more or less of censure from those who do not know, or do not adequately appreciate, the position in which we are placed.

Under a most solemn consideration of our duty in this matter, we feel that it is an imperative obligation resting upon us to sustain our present work, and discharge as rapidly as possible our present indebtedness, before enlarging our operations, or entering upon any new field of missionary enterprise.

It is therefore with this view that we make our appeal to the Church to sustain us in this resolution, and to aid us in maintaining the position we have taken. We would ask the members of our Church to remember that there is no method for promoting enlargement of our work so effectual as enlargement of contributions to that in which we are at present engaged. The energies of the Church should at present be directed as exclusively as may be to that point. There are times and occasions when contributions for special objects are exceedingly desirable and useful, but under present circumstances we are constrained to ask that they may not take the place of contributions that would otherwise be made to the general funds of the board, and that they may be confined as far as possible to objects for which special contributions have been invited by the board or either of its committee. We scarcely need say that a response of the Church to this appeal, relieving us, as it would, of our present anxieties, would encourage us to enter with confidence and hopefulness upon the most interesting and promising fields which our Divine Master, in His love and compassion for the world, opens to our grateful toil and care.

For the Board,

A. N. LITTLEJOHN,
JOHN COTTON SMITH,
HENRY C. POTTER,
F. S. WINSTON,
WILLIAM G. LOW,
Committee.

22 *and* 23 *Bible House, New York, December* 14*th*, 1878.

MAINE.

DIOCESAN STATISTICS.—The Journal of the fifty-ninth annual convention of the Church in this diocese contains the following statistics: Clergymen canonically resident (bishop, 1; priests, 20; deacons, 3), 24; candidates for Holy Orders, 5; families, 1,579; individuals (not included in families), 556; baptisms (adults, 67; infants, 221), 288; confirmed, 139; communicants, 2,115; marriages, 65; burials, 145; Sunday-school teachers, 180; pupils, 1,670.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—*Conference of Guilds.*—The second annual conference of guilds in Boston and vicinity was held in St. Paul's chapel on Thursday evening, December 12th. The attendance was not large, though quite a number of guilds were represented. After a statement of the object of the meeting—to confer as to the best plan for bringing the different organizations together—the time was spent in discussing the most feasible method. A letter from the head of the guild of the church of the Advent was read, and the views of the committee formerly appointed were briefly given in writing, with explanations. The meeting was then thrown open to hear the views of any present, several of whom spoke at length on the general subject, and some detailed the results of work already engaged in or noted. It was decided that the most effective plan for united work, whether spiritual, social, or practical, would best come from a fixed and definite object laid out for accomplishment. To further this end, and to act as might seem expedient, the committee was continued and enlarged so as to contain the following members: The Rev. Messrs. G. S. Converse, W. W. Newton, and G. J. Prescott; Messrs. J. D. W. French and R. T. Paine.

It was announced that the second annual service before the Workingmen's Club of St. John's in the Highlands, would be held in that church on the evening of St. John the Evangelist's day, December 27th, when the rectors and guilds of Boston would be specially invited, and an address delivered by the Rev. Edward Osborne, who has made the subject a special study.

St. Luke's Home for Convalescents.—The annual report of this institution has just been published In January next the institution will enter upon its eighth year. It is situated in Boston Highlands, in a favorable site as regards the health and comfort of the patients, whose stay is usually limited to six weeks. The pressing need is money to remove the debt and enlarge the facilities of the home to receive more patients. Mr. Causten Browne, secretary of the trustees, states: "Our mortgage debt has been reduced $5,636.22; standing now at $13,000, towards which amount we have in hand $713.78." He urgently pleads for the charity, and says: "Making all due allowance for the hardness of the times and for the great number of charitable causes which are constantly asking help from our charitable people, we feel that we have a right to say that St. Luke's Home for Convalescents is, by the soundness of its organization and management, by the peculiar character of the charity which it undertakes to administer, and by the large sacrifice of the time and toil and money made for its sake heretofore by some of its friends, fairly entitled to ask for more generous help, help from more people, and help on a larger scale from those who can afford it, than has yet been enjoyed."

The Rev. W. C. Winslow, chaplain, reports that six infants and two adults have been baptized, nine persons have been confirmed, and several have left to receive confirmation elsewhere.

Of the 161 patients received at the home 48 have been Episcopalian, 45 Roman Catholic, and the remainder of various denominations. The result is as follows: Cured, 108; improved, 42; unimproved, 12. Of the whole number 79 are natives of the United States, 22 of Ireland, 21 of Nova Scotia, and 15 of England. The physicians who have kindly given their services are Drs. O. W. Doe and A. M. Sumner.

Mr. Richard S. Fay, treasurer, exhibits a debit and credit statement for the year of $11,475.13, of which $5,636.22 were paid on the mortgage debt, besides nearly $1,000 of interest on the same debt; showing that the maintenance of the home, repairs, improvements, etc., have all been met out of the balance of the money. In closing his report Mr. Browne says: "We have an organization sanctioned and headed and most vigorously helped by the bishop of the diocese, and with a body of trustees whose character gives assurance of steadiness and fidelity in the management of the charity. We have also a large and increasing number of poor convalescents needing relief from us. What more can our friends ask that should appeal to their confident and generous support?"

CONNECTICUT.

CLINTON—*Appeal.*—The bishop of the diocese has issued the following letter to the clergy of the diocese:

MY DEAR BRETHREN: I beg to call your attention to, and to ask your aid for, the church at Clinton, in this diocese. When, some years ago, the Rev. Mr. Potter undertook the greatly needed work of building there, he and all parties concerned had every reason to believe that funds which had been promised would be received. This reasonable expectation was, however, disappointed, and indebtedness was thereby unavoidably incurred. I desire to state most distinctly that this indebtedness grew out of no excess of expenditure over estimates, or of any careless use of funds, but simply from the failure to receive what it was believed might be relied on. As it was, the expenditure has been as follows: Including lot for church, and all other expenses, $5,066.96; amount actually received, $2,650.78; leaving present debt, $2,416.18; and of this there is now pledged, conditionally on the whole being raised, the sum of $1,216.18, leaving $1,200 to be raised. I believe that some part of this sum is promised.

When it became evident that the promised funds would not be forthcoming, and that there would be a debt, Mr. Potter most nobly came forward and assumed it; the result of which self-sacrificing act on his part has been that, after paying interest, etc., he has had left for the maintenance of himself, his wife, and daughter, less than $200 a year! Surely, dear brethren, this burden ought to be lifted; and I beg you, in God's name, to lift it. Our brother has borne it patiently and without complaint.

But the sum is not large that is needed to relieve him, and to secure forever the valuable property involved.

Earnestly commending this object to you, *and asking you if you will not make a collection for it*, I am faithfully and affectionately,

Your friend and brother,

J. WILLIAMS.

STANDING COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee of this diocese, held at New Haven, the following postulants—Messrs. Charles Walter Boylston, B.A., George Sumner Chipman, B.A., William Viall Chapin, A.B., and Horace Hall Buck, A.B.—were recommended to the bishop to be received as candidates for Holy Orders. Mr. Henry Bridges Jefferson was recommended for admission to the Diaconate, in accordance with Title I., Canon 6, §1 of the Digest. The Rev. John Gray, deacon, was recommended for advancement to the priesthood.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—*House of Rest for Consumptives.*—The ninth annual report of the trustees of this institution states that during the past year the capacity of the house has been tested to the utmost, and proved quite inadequate to the demands made upon it by applicants. Thirty-seven patients were in the house on November 1st, 1877; sixty-six have been received during the past year; making the whole number under treatment 103. The number at present in the institution is thirty-seven. The trustees report that the executive committee has adopted a new plan in the admission of applicants which obviates the delay resulting from the old method, and necessitates a slightly increased expense. Heretofore no distinction has been made among applicants, on account of want of ability or willingness to pay. It is found necessary to change this practice when it can be done. The change must be made by the addition of a wing containing free beds, which will leave room in the original building for a limited number of paying patients. Four thousand dollars will be necessary in order to carry out this change.

The financial condition of the institution is somewhat improved. A mortgage debt of $12,000 has been reduced to $8,500, and the unpaid bills amount to $847.37. This improvement is owing to gifts from the late Mr. W. W. Mali. The average cost of each patient during the year was $287.40, which is as small as it can ever be expected to be.

Grace Chapel Literary-Social Society.—An interesting entertainment was given by this society on Thursday evening, December 12th, at its rooms in Grace Hall, Grace chapel building, consisting of music, recitations, etc. The feature of the evening was a dialogue entitled "The Old and New," which was creditably rendered. The society is growing rapidly both in numbers and usefulness. The exercises at its meetings, which take place on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and are free to all, comprise discussions, opened by the reading of papers, essays, and debates. Several entertainments will be given during the season. The proceeds of that held on December 12th were given to a needy parish to supply Christmas gifts for the little ones.

DR. RICHEY'S ACCEPTANCE.—The following correspondence has been sent to us for publication:

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
October 23d, 1878.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: We have been appointed a Committee of the Board of Trustees of the General Theological Seminary to inform you that you have been this day duly elected "St. Mark's church in the Bowery" Professor of Ecclesiastical History in that institution, at the annual salary of $2,000, and the use of the house now occupied by the Professor of Biblical Learning and Interpretation of Scripture, when vacated by him; the duties of your professorship to begin on the 15th of June, 1879. We earnestly request your acceptance of the high and honorable appointment thus tendered you by the board, and are, with sincere respect and esteem,

GEORGE F. SEYMOUR,
Bishop of Springfield.
J. H. HOPKINS,
Rector of Christ church, Williamsport.
(Signed) J. C. GARTHWAITE.

To the Rt. Rev. George F. Seymour, D.D., the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, D.D., and J. C. Garthwaite, Esq., Committee, etc.:

GENTLEMEN: I have duly weighed your official communication informing me of my election to the "St. Mark's Church in the Bowery" Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, and hereby signify to you my acceptance of the same.

Let me assure you of my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me by the action of the board of trustees; and permit me to express the hope that I shall be able, in some measure, to maintain the justly-merited high character of the Chair of Ecclesiastical History in the General Seminary.

I shall be ready (D.V.) to enter on the discharge of the duties incumbent upon me by the terms of this acceptance at the commencement of the seminary year 1879-80.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

THOMAS RICHEY.

LONG ISLAND.

STANDING COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee of this diocese, held December 16th, Messrs. Percy Barnes, William Howland, Jr., Edward H. Peet, Ralph W. Kenyon, Jr., Reginald M. Huse, Henry C. Johnson, and Herbert O. Seale were recommended to the bishop as candidates for Holy Orders; and Mr. William P. Brush was recommended for admission to the Order of Deacons.

BROOKLYN—*St. Ann's Church.*—On the evening of Sunday, December 8th, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Eccleston (of Newark, N. J.) delivered a lecture in the Advent course in this church. The lecturer treated "The Story of Rizpah," taking as his text II. Samuel xxi. 10. On the following Sunday evening the lecture was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, from Ecclesiastes vii. 2, on "The House of Mourning and the House of Feasting."

The free-church system, which has recently been introduced into this church, is represented to be working most successfully. The congregations are increasing, and the work of the parish is progressing very satisfactorily.

The music connected with the worship in this church, rendered with excellent effect, is furnished by a choir whose services are entirely voluntary, there being no outlay whatever for it. The various activities of the congregation represented by the guild, the mothers' meeting, and the brotherhood, which holds an Evangelical mission-service weekly in the chapel, are all in very efficient operation, and promise much for the growth of all the interests of the parish and its great usefulness in many homes and hearts.

St. Augustine's Mission.—This congregation of colored people have found for the present very desirable accommodation in the chapel of the church of the Redeemer, where they hold service on Sundays at 5 P. M., and on Wednesday evenings. The music is especially noteworthy for so small a body of worshippers; a choral service has been introduced with success. The Rev. Mr. Edgerton is minister at present. On Wednesday evening, December 18th, the Rev. R. B. Snowden delivered one of a series of special sermons by different clergymen, taking for his subject "The Blessed Virgin Mary."

GARDEN CITY.—Under the faithful ministrations of the Rev. Dr. T. Stafford Drowne, the church which is to find a home ultimately in the cathedral is steadily growing. Services are at present held in a hall, which is now well filled with an interested congregation. A choir composed of the boys of St. Paul's school has been trained to render the music of Divine worship, which already adds much to the general interest. The cathedral is advancing rapidly toward completion. The spire was completed in the autumn, and with it most of the exterior of the building. The finishing of the interior is now going forward, a large number of workmen being employed. The Rev. Dr. Drowne has also begun instruction in theology to a candidate for Orders, who is the first member of the newly-formed Divinity school.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVOCATION.—The first convocation of the superintendents, teachers, and friends of the Sunday-schools of the diocese, for 1878-9, was held on Monday evening, December 16th, in the chapel of St. Peter's church. The bishop presided. The Rev. George R. Van De Water read an essay on "The Christian Year of the Church: Its Proper Influence on Sunday-school Instruction." It was a carefully prepared paper, in which four important points were well developed. The whole Bible is too much for the brief instruction of the Sunday-school, and much of it irrelevant to the work of training the young; the portion selected by the Church to illustrate the Christian year sets forth the perfect life of Christ; the study of these lessons secures a proper symmetry, and is in due proportion to the aim before us; and the result of such study will be a definite one—the enrollment of many youth among the communicants of the Church. The bishop reviewed the subject matter of the essay, and remarks and suggestions in conformity with its views were offered by the Rev. Dr. Paddock, the Rev. Dr. Snively, the Rev. Dr. Cornell, the Rev. Newland Maynard, and Mr. Van Bokkelen. Progress has been made in securing the use of the uniform series of lessons in the Sunday-schools of the diocese.

ALBANY.

ALBANY—*St. Peter's Church.*—The annual report of the Orphan's Home connected with this parish, for the year ending October 1st, 1878, has recently been published, and contains a record of much good work done during the year. The money receipts of the institution during the year were $1,547.51, of which $1,229.40 was expended, leaving a balance in the treasury of $318.11. A large number of valuable gifts, not in the form of money, were also received. The house has been filled to its utmost capacity.

BRUSHTON—*St. Peter's Church.*—This parish and two of the missions connected with it—St. Mark's, West Bangor, and St. Thomas's, Lawrenceville—have lately presented the rector, the Rev. W. M. Cook, S.T.B., with a complete establishment, horse and harness, buggy, cutter, robes, etc., to enable him to carry on the work in his wide field. The establishment is in part parish property, since it belongs to the rector (at his own request) only so long as he continues in his present charge.

Church work in this northern region (Brushton is in Franklin county) is very encouraging in many ways. Every parish necessarily stretches far out on every side. Thus St. Peter's parish and its missions include no less than six townships, in which actual work is regularly carried on, and this is only a specimen. Very few of the people possess wealth, but they are earnest, and do what they can. To give an example: At the little village of West Bangor, where but about three years ago there was only one communicant of the Church, there is now a neat and comfortable church building, the communicants number nearly thirty (having increased threefold during the last seventeen months), a large Sunday-school flourishes, and the church is felt to be a strong power for good. Only the money is lacking to make a similar story true of almost every village and hamlet in Northern New York.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

CLEVELAND—*St. James' Church.*—This parish (the Rev. Wm. Long, rector) has suffered greatly in years past by financial failures, removals, and other causes. The depression in business and removals continue, but by judicious management of its affairs the parish is now more prosperous. The congregations are large and constantly increasing; the Sunday-school is flourishing, and during the last year, besides a liberal donation to the rector, the parish has cancelled a debt of $550. It now has a beautiful church, costing about $6,000, and an organ valued at $1,130, and is entirely out of debt. The parish, with its mission at West Vienna, is one of the most successful missionary fields in the diocese.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

STANDING COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee of this diocese, held December 10th, Mr. Isaac Easterbrooks, lately a prominent and esteemed minister of the Baptist communion in Steuben county, was recom-

mended to the Bishop for admission to Deacon's Orders.

ROCHESTER—*Christ Church.*—The Rev. William D'Orville Doty, rector of this church, has been greatly afflicted by the loss of his younger son, who died on Tuesday, December 10th, of diphtheritic croup.

JAMESTOWN—*St. Luke's Church.*—The free night-school is doing much good among the factory people, under the supervision of the Rev. E. Spruille Burford, rector of the church. The Guild of St. Luke's conducts a large mission Sunday-school with great success.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—*Gloria Dei Church.*—The Rev. S. B. Simes, rector of this church, recently delivered his tenth anniversary sermon. He stated that during the ten years he had officiated in the church there had been 43 adults baptized and 507 infants, and 161 persons had been confirmed; and that he had attended at 253 funerals, and married 421 couples. There is not an unrented pew in the church, and the church is out of debt, and able to meet its obligations. It was also stated that the Sunday-school is made up of 26 teachers and about 600 scholars; that there are two Bible-classes of 126 members, and the men's Bible-study of 80 or 90 persons. There is a mothers' meeting, which is compossd of 150 women, and a sewing-school of 250 members.

On the tenth anniversary of Mr. Simes's marriage, members of his congregation presented to himself and Mrs. Simes many valuable gifts, among which was a silver tea-set.

City Missions.—A stated meeting of the Board of Council for City Missions was held on Monday, December 16th, at the Episcopal rooms, the bishop presiding. The superintendent (the Rev. Samuel Durborow) presented a detailed statement of the work of the various departments of the city mission work during the past two months, which was of an encouraging and satisfactory character. The bishop was, by resolution, requested, if possible, to make arrangements for a public meeting to present the claims of the spiritual work of the city mission, to be held in the church of the Holy Trinity on some Sunday evening in January.

Woman's Auxiliary.—A meeting of the Pennsylvania branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was held recently in the parish building of the church of the Holy Trinity, the bishop presiding and making an address. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. W. J. Boone, of the China mission, and Miss Emery, of New York.

PITTSBURGH.

BISHOP'S VISITATIONS.—The bishop of the diocese recently made his annual visitation of Clearfield county, accompanied by the Rev. J. T. Protheroe. Divine service was held twice at Clearfield, and the bishop preached, and confirmed three persons. At Phillipsburgh the bishop was joined by the Rev. George Rafter. Service was held at Houtzdale, and the bishop preached. After the service a meeting was called, and steps were taken for the erection of a chapel, to cost $1,000, and for the opening of a Sunday-school. A service was held on the next day also, at Houtzville, and the Holy Communion was celebrated. The visitation was then concluded with the holding of Divine service at Osceola.

MEADVILLE—*Christ Church.*—A beautiful and spacious rectory, in connection with this church, is in process of construction, and will soon be ready for occupancy by the new rector of the parish, the Rev. G. A. Carstensen. Its cost will be $3,250. The people of the parish have shown great liberality and taste in its erection.

At the bishop's visitation to the church, on the Third Sunday in Advent, twenty-two persons were confirmed.

The Rev. Mr. Mann conducted a service for deaf-mutes in the parish on the evening of December 17th, with a good attendance. He also conducted two services of this nature at Trinity church, Pittsburgh, on the Third Sunday in Advent.

EASTON.

SALISBURY—*St. Peter's Church.*—An interesting memorial service was held in this church on Friday, December 6th, the anniversary of the death of the Rev. Dr. Wm. Fulton, late rector of the parish. A short and appropriate service was said, after which the Holy Communion was celebrated, a large number of persons partaking.

This parish is now in charge of the Rev. J. H. B. Brooks, who was elected rector very soon after the death of Dr. Fulton.

WEST VIRGINIA.

ROMNEY—*A New Mission Station.*—On the First Sunday in Advent the services of the Church were reëstablished in this important town. For many years the place has been without the Church's ministrations, although at one time there was a parish with a numerous membership, and a commodious church. But the war came; homes were broken up; parishioners scattered; and now the church building, alienated under form of law, is used as a public school, and not one of the original communicants remains.

MOOREFIELD — *Emmanuel Church.* — This church is yet unfinished, and, as it is the centre of this missionary district, it is desirable to complete it without delay. Contributions may be sent to the Rev. J. Dudley Ferguson, Moorefield, Hardy county, W. Va.

NORTH CAROLINA.

PITTSBOROUGH.—On Saturday, December 7th, the Rev. Dr. Sutton (rector of St. Bartholomew's church) and his wife celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. A large number of their friends—members of the parish and others—assembled at Dr. Sutton's house, and many valuable gifts were presented. Dr. Sutton has been the rector of St. Bartholomew's church for about eighteen years, and has endeared himself greatly to the people of his parish and the town by his faithfulness and the purity of his character.

LOUISIANA.

SPECIAL COUNCIL.—A special council of the Church in this diocese has been called, to meet on Wednesday, January 29th, 1879, for the election of a bishop, to succeed the late Bishop J. P. B. Wilmer.

STANDING COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the diocese, held December 16th, upon motion, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Standing Committee of the diocese call a special session of the diocesan council to elect a successor to the late Bishop of Louisiana.

Resolved, That the special session of the council be held in St. Paul's church, Wednesday, January 29th, 1879.

Resolved, That a memorial service be held at the opening of the special session, and that the Right Reverend the Bishop of Alabama be requested to preach a sermon commemorative of the life and character of our late beloved bishop. HENRY V. OGDEN, *Secretary.*

WESTERN TEXAS.

BISHOP'S PASTORAL LETTER.—The bishop has issued the following letter:

To the Clergy and Laity of the Missionary Jurisdiction of Western Texas:

DEAR BRETHREN: The poor condition of my health for some time past has led the committee having the direction of the missionary operations of the Church to suggest to me perfect rest for several consecutive months. At the same time a large-hearted Churchman in the city of New York has placed at my disposal funds for an extended trip beyond the seas.

The object of this letter is to express to you, my dear brethren, my sorrow at being obliged to cease, even temporarily, my labors among you, especially at a time when our merciful Father is giving us evidences of His goodness in the growth and consolidation of the work in this jurisdiction.

It is, however, a matter of especial congratulation that the Bishop of Northern Texas, in the generosity of his heart, has offered to visit Western Texas during the ensuing winter, and I feel that such powers as he will bring to the work will bear for us the happiest results. I commend him to your hospitality as a brother beloved.

In conclusion I ask your prayers that I may be returned to you in renewed health, and in saying farewell commit you to the keeping of that heavenly Father who is God over all, blessed for evermore. Faithfully yours,

R. W. B. ELLIOTT,
Missionary Bishop of Western Texas.

Savannah, Ga., November 25th, 1878.

SOUTHERN OHIO.

CINCINNATI—*Christ Church.*—The annual report for the past year of this parish (the Rev. I. Newton Stanger, rector) has been published in pamphlet form, and contains a full account of the work done by the rector and the several associations of the parish. We take from the report the following statistics: Baptisms (infants, 43; adults, 2), 45; confirmed, 5; marriages, 14; burials, 41; communicants, 290; sermons and addresses by the rector, 172; parochial visitations, 300; total contributions, $21,056.23.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO. — The Diocese of Illinois, in the forty-three years of its existence, has been prominent in many ways. Its age has given it the dignity which attaches to mature life. In the West the adjective "old" is used freely where an Eastern judgment would deem it misapplied. "Old resident" is a relative term, it would seem, for ten years' living in a Western community entitles one to the honorable distinction. So when I speak of the age of Illinois, the atmospheric pressure must be taken into the account. The diocese, organized in 1835, is three years older than Indiana, and eighteen years the senior of Iowa; by twelve years is it more venerable than Wisconsin, and twenty-two years more of life have been granted to it than to the Diocese of Minnesota. But how youthful is this diocese when one counts the years of the earlier jurisdictions. The Diocese of Massachusetts has reached nearly the limits of a century of existence. Connecticut will celebrate her centennial in 1883, as will also Maryland. In 1884, besides Massachusetts, Pennsylvania will begin her second century. A year later New York, New Jersey, South Carolina, and Virginia will be recounting the annals of a hundred years; while in a very brief period subsequently Delaware, Rhode Island, and Vermont will range themselves with the dioceses that have entered upon a new century of work.

This diocese, young and old at once, has one institution that is known the country through. I refer to St. Luke's Free Hospital, which was chartered in 1865, and must therefore be reckoned an ancient corporation. The Churchman Cot, soon to be endowed we must believe, which has enlisted the sympathies and attracted the offerings of a multitude of children, makes this hospital the centre of interest for all Church people. There is a pathos in the history of the contributions which converts the unimpassioned figures into things of life. The gifts of the lame and the sick; the memorial offerings which consecrate the names of those whom God has claimed—"the other living, called the dead"—how do these sums weigh in the balance! How precious will be the resting-place of the suffering children who will be received, seeing so wide an ownership lays claim to the Churchman Cot!

An hour's visit recently was a delightful reminder of what Church charity signifies. The annual report tells of the general work of benevolence; nearly 1,600 patients were treated during the last year, including the dispensary patients. Of the entire number of hospital inmates—236—only forty-four were Church people. Nearly one fourth were Romanists. The catholicity of the institution is evidenced by the record. Above three quarters of those helped were outside of the Church. The pitiable entry, "no religion," stands opposite the names of sixty-five. Some of the Jewish race tasted here the sweets of Christian philanthropy. Many nationalities were thus represented. The children's ward has only a few patients, but as a visitor entered, their voices were very sweetly singing

"Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the heartiness represented a good-sized chorus. One pale-faced sufferer told the friend who had come in that "she had so many beautiful dreams about the children who were praying and giving for the Cot!" The little child with us, who was visiting for the first time a home of sickness, said to the eager listener in the cot: "I sold water-lilies and earned something to help pay for the Cot"; and I verily believe the tender "I thank you so much," which was the reply, will follow the giver all the days of her life.

The Churchman Cot is to be so placed as to be lighted with the warm sunshine; and the large, exquisitely clean, and attractive room, hung with pictures, will be to the children like the upper chamber, where Bunyan's Pilgrim was laid, whose name was peace. I have spoken of this charity as illustrating the vitality and devotion of the members of the diocese. The Apostolic Church must demand support by virtue of its larger love, steady zeal, patient labor. Men will hear a Church which heals. They will believe that it is "double moated" with God's grace, if so be the "works" be many. They will delight in the dear mother's "perfect lineaments" when they behold her children out-running all others in the race set before the friends of Christ.—*From a Correspondent.*

MISSOURI.

KANSAS CITY.—The bishop of the diocese visited St. Luke's parish on the Firt Sunday in Advent, and at the morning service preached, confirmed six persons, and celebrated the Holy Communion. In the evening he preached in Grace church and confirmed three persons.

On Monday and Tuesday special services were held in St. Luke's church, the bishop and several other clergymen of this diocese and the Diocese of Kansas being present. Several addresses were delivered. The text for the addresses on Monday morning was "A peculiar people zealous of good works"; and for Tuesday morning, "Looking for and hastening the coming of the day of God." Interesting sermons were delivered by the bishop, the Rev. Dr. Runcie, and the Rev. Messrs. F. O. Osborne and Paul Ziegler. The services were well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all who engaged in them.

Two years ago St. Luke's parish was burdened with a debt of over $3,000, which has been paid in full, and the church building repaired, kalsomined and lighted with gas. Recently a pipe organ, costing $3,000, has been added, the first in the city, and an admirable support to the large chorus of male voices.

The next session of the convention of the diocese is to be held in this church (D. V.) the last week in September, 1879.

IOWA.

CEDAR RAPIDS—*Grace Church.*—The subject of the sermon delivered by the rector of this church (the Rev. S. Ringgold) on Thanksgiving-day was "Almsgiving: A Lost Act of Worship." The offerings of the congregation for the poor were $100.

NORTHERN IOWA.—The Iowa branch of the Chicago, St Paul and Milwaukee railroad, which strikes the western shore of the Mississippi at McGregor, runs westward through one of the most lovely agricultural districts that can be conceived. High rolling prairie, boasting of a rich and fertile soil, dotted with groves and intersected by living streams, showing evidences, moreover, of the most thorough cultivation, stretches away, north and south of the road, as far as the eye can reach. But, beautiful as is the picture that is presented to the view of the traveller, it is this year full of sad and depressing associations, not only to the farming population, but to the citizens of the many small towns which depend for their prosperity upon the well-doing of the farmer.

The cause of this condition of things is easily explained. Up to the early part of July the crops throughout all this region never presented a better prospect; and the hearts of the whole community were gladdened by the hope of an abundant harvest. Man had done everything that lay in his power to secure the desired result, and only waited for the Divine blessing upon his labors. But, in the shape at least in which he expected it, that blessing was not vouchsafed. From about the 4th to the 11th of July heavy rain fell at frequent intervals drenching the wheat crops so as to thoroughly soak both stalk and grain. The inevitable result was that it "lodged"; and from its prostrate condition it never recovered. For between each heavy rain-squall the scorching rays of last summer's torrid sun fell upon it, and *absolutely cooked it*, so as to render it utterly unserviceable for any other purpose than to enrich the soil where it lay, for future—and it may be most devoutly hoped, more successful—crops.

This desolating calamity spread over an area of country embracing several hundred square miles, extending far north into Minnesota, east into Wisconsin, and west almost to Dakota Territory. The sorrow and distress which it has occasioned among all classes of the community in the region visited is simply pitiable. The farmers have no money; the store-keepers, doing business in the various towns, dependent as they are upon the farming interests, find themselves in too many cases unable to meet their indebtedness to the wholesale merchants; commercial travellers shun the unremunerative localities; and thus, for the time being, every interest is most seriously affected. Of course the Church, in all branches of her work, suffers, as usual, more than her due share. In some places missionaries, who have held on as long as was possible, are contemplating the necessity of abandoning the ground. All honor to those faithful pastors who, at any sacrifice, are willing to share the fortunes of their impoverished people, and to teach them, by example as well as by precept, to become reconciled to the calamity with which their Father, in His inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to visit them! Cannot their more favored brethren in the faith, fellow-members with them of the one Body, send them through the bishop of the diocese, a little timely aid in this their hour of sore need?

KANSAS.

LAWRENCE—*Trinity Church.*—On the Second Sunday in Advent the bishop of the diocese, in this church, admitted to the order of deacons Mr. Alfred Brown, chaplain-elect and bursar of Bethany College, Topeka. The bishop delivered the sermon, and the candidate was presented by one of his examiners, the Rev. Paul Ziegler. The bishop having licensed the newly-ordered deacon to preach, on the same day, at the evening service, he delivered his first sermon. It was on the Saviour's love for the lost.

MICHIGAN.

BISHOP GILLESPIE'S APPOINTMENTS.

DECEMBER.

29, First Sunday after Christmas, A. M., Detroit Junction; P. M., Detroit, St. James's chapel; Evening, Detroit, St. Mark's.

JANUARY, 1879.

12, First Sunday after Epiphany, A. M., Fentonville, St Jude's; Evening Holly or Linden.
13, Monday, Chesaning.
14, Tuesday, Midland, St. John's church.
19, Second Sunday after Epiphany, A. M., Saginaw City, St. John's church; Evening, East Saginaw, St. Paul's church; P. M., South Saginaw.
20, Monday, Taymouth, St. Paul's mission.
26, Third Sunday after Epiphany, Pontiac, Zion church.
27, Monday, Flint, St. Paul's church.

Parishes interested will please acknowledge notice.

WISCONSIN.

KENOSHA—*St. Matthew's Church.*—The first number of a new monthly journal has been issued in this parish (the Rev. F. W. Tomkins, Jr., rector) entitled the *Parish Record.* It is edited by a committee of men and women of the parish, and contains news and reading matter of parochial and general interest. It is a neat paper of eight pages. It announces that a series of sermons on "Faith and Works" is in course of delivery during Advent, and that the subject of the rector's Wednesday evening lectures is "The Early History of the Church."

MINNESOTA.

SAINT PAUL—*Gethsemane Church.*—The twenty second anniversary of this church was observed on the morning of Sunday, December 8th, with a large congregation in attendance, and the administration of the Holy Communion to many communicants. The Rev. Dr. D. B. Knickerbacker, rector, delivered a sermon from Ephesians ii. 19–21, in which he gave the statistics of the parish for the past year and for the last twenty-two years.

The statistics for the past year are as follows: Baptisms (adults, 8; infants, 88), 96; confirmations, 20; communicants, 245; families, 225; funerals, 38; marriages, 28; Sunday-school pupils, 250. In the missions of the parish there are: Families, 125; communicants, 138; Sunday-school children, about 350. The offerings of the parish for the year were $7,885.

The statistics for twenty-two years are as follows: Baptisms (adults, 250; infants, 893), 1,143; confirmations, 552; communicants, 1,187; marriages, 272; funerals, 458.

The annual report of the Brotherhood of Gethsemane was read in the evening, and gave the details of the work of the missions, which is summarized above. The eighth annual report of the superintendent of the Cottage Hospital was also presented. It recounted the work done by that institution, and gave the following statistics: Patients received during the last year, 119; deaths, 15; discharged, 91; present number, 10; whole number of patients since organization, 704; deaths, 83; cured or improved, 609. The cost of the hospital during the year was $1,938.-36, with a balance of $154.74 in the treasury; total cost of maintenance since organization, in addition to donations in kind, $15,358.73.

STANDING COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee of this diocese, held December 16th, the Rev. L. F. Cole was recommended for admission to the Priesthood. Mr. H. Mueller was recommended to be admitted as a candidate for Holy Orders.

ST. CHARLES—*Trinity Church.*—On Tuesday, December 17th, the bishop of the diocese consecrated this church to the worship of Almighty God, and advanced to the Priesthood the Rev. L. F. Cole.

CHURCHES CONSECRATED.—On Wednesday, December 18th, the bishop consecrated Calvary church, Waseca; and on Friday, December 20th, he consecrated St. John's church, Janesville.

NEW RICHLAND.—The Rev. Eric L. Petersen, of Faribault, has charge of the mission recently founded at this place, and because of his extensive knowledge of various modern languages is well qualified for the position. The population is mostly Scandinavian, and Mr. Petersen's influence over them is very great. A chapel is necessary to the permanency of Church work here, and an effort is to be made to build one, for the success of which outside aid will be needed.

NIOBRARA.

LETTER FROM A CHRISTIAN INDIAN.—The Secretary of the Committee for Indian Missions sends us the following translation, made by the Rev. Mr. Cook, missionary at Yankton Agency, of a letter written to him by a Christian Indian at the Cheyenne Agency, Dakota:

CHEYENNE AGENCY, November 18th, 1878.

J. W. COOK: *My Friend*—With a happy heart I write you a letter to-day.

You said that you would always remember me, but you have not written to me.

I wish you to know how I am pro-pering now. I am with John Kitto, the teacher. I read the Bible a great deal. Some Sundays he bids me exhort the people. So I read the Holy Book and talk to the people.

My friend, I remember the baptism that was given me. From that time God is with me every night.

Now, my friend, I want you to help these people a great deal; also, I want the bishop to hear about it. Every day now they are cutting off their hair.

There is one thing which I want very much, and I wish you would give it me; I mean a metal cross.

I will say no more.

From the light I shake hands with you and your wife.

I wish you would write me a letter.

SAMUEL PTESANWICASA

(White-Buffalo-Man), son of Sitting-Bull. I am he.

Mr. Cook adds: "One at least of the family of

Sitting-Bull has been conquered—by the Gospel. Isn't it more effective than bullets?

"This man was baptized by Brother Swift, at Yankton Agency during convocation last spring. Brother Swift was not expected here, and I gave him some additional instruction and preparation, and gave him a copy of the full (Dakota) Prayer Book."

IOWA.

CHEROKEE.—The chapel erected at this place by St. John's mission has been completed and furnished, and the grounds have been suitably improved. It was formally opened on the first Sunday in December by the missionary in charge, the Rev. W. C. Mills.

ONAWA.—It is anticipated that services will be inaugurated at this place, under the charge of the Rev. W. E. Jacob, of Decatur, Nebraska, which is across the Missouri river. Every day reveals the imperative need of the appointment of general missionaries, who can labor along the great trunk lines of travel from East to West, and seek out the Church people, who, without some such system of itinerant ministrations, will be lost to the Church.

WATERLOO—*St. Mark's Church.*—This parish, although without a rector, has within the past few weeks made provision for an indebtedness of long standing, which for a time threatened to imperil the existence of the parish. The whole amount is secured, and the parish is now ready for a new rector, who will thus enter upon his work free from the burden of a parish debt and secure in the sympathy and coöperation of the faithful Church people, who have thus made ready for his coming.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

THE BISHOP AT NASHOTAH.—On December 4th and 5th the bishop attended a meeting of the trustees of the Nashotah Seminary. The bishops of Indiana, Wisconsin, Western Michigan, Fond du Lac, Illinois, Springfield, and Quincy, and Drs. Cole and Adams were present. Five protracted sessions were held, and the whole condition of the institution very thoroughly investigated. Decided measures for an economy, not as against liberality, but for straitness of affairs, were adopted, and a carefully framed body of statutes accepted.

While the financial condition is such as to demand the return of the liberality of past days; considering the history of Nashotah, "the work of faith and labor of love" in which it began, the number of the alumni, some in prominent positions, the Church's reverence of Kemper and Armitage, the whole-heartedness with which the bishops have assumed their trust, and that the sum needed to wipe out debt is no more than many a parish in a fair-sized town will put into its church edifice; I can see no reason for any fears that Nashotah has finished its work. The board wisely delay any special appeal until after the summer meeting, when they can present the actual condition in figures, and inaugurate a financial policy.—*Bishop Gillespie, in Our Dioceses.*

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

THE PROVISIONAL BISHOPRIC.—As the manuscript copy from which we recently printed Bishop Spalding's letter of acceptance of the provisional bishopric of this jurisdiction contained several errors, we print a corrected copy of the letter below:

DENVER, Col., November 19th, 1878.

The Rt. Rev. B. B. Smith, D.D., Presiding Bishop, etc.:

MY DEAR BROTHER—Your thrice repeated and urgent call upon me, and the earnest requests of the domestic committee, constrain me to accept the temporary and provisional oversight of the jurisdiction of New Mexico and Arizona. I do this under the conditions that no visitations are to be expected; although I will visit the more accessible parts of the jurisdiction as I find myself able to do so; and that the domestic committee and their general agent shall earnestly endeavor to find the clergy needed, leaving to me only such immediate direction of the work as they are unable to give.

Let us pray that God may bless what shall be done to His glory and the extension of the Church in that difficult but important field.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

J. F. SPALDING.

All correspondence with regard to this mission should hereafter be addressed to the Provisional Bishop, Denver, Col., or the Rev. Dr. Twing, Secretary of the Domestic Committee, Bible House, New York.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

PORTLAND—*Proposed New Chapel.*—In order to give better accommodation to the increasing number of pupils at St. Helen's Hall, it is proposed to give up the present large room known as St. Stephen's chapel, entirely to school purposes, and to build a new chapel on Madison street. Pursuant to notice given by the bishop, a meeting was held recently to consider the matter. The bishop stated that, without knowing exactly the cost of the proposed building, a sum had already been pledged which he thought was equal to one half of the amount required. The building will have a nave and chancel of seventy feet in length, with a width of twenty-eight feet for the nave. There will be a spire over the chancel end, and a porch opening on Madison street. It will lie lengthwise on Madison street, with the end of the nave near the present large school building, and the chancel to the east. The congregation will enter by the Madison street porch, and the school by a porch on the south side, having a covered communication with the school buildings. It is proposed to have all things in readiness to begin the work as soon as the school closes in June next. This is an improvement much needed by both the school and the congregation, and the proposed chapel will be after a beautiful and churchly design. The bishop expressed the hope that by beginning thus early, the necessary funds could be raised in the next seven months by the direct and simple contributions of the people, and without the aid of festivals, fairs, exhibitions or entertainment of any sort.

Contributions to aid the congregation, which consists of persons of limited means, and to foster pure Church training for the girls of the country, may be sent to Bishop Morris, at Portland, Oregon, and will be acknowledged in THE CHURCHMAN.

CALIFORNIA.

BERKELEY—*Church of the Good Shepherd.*—The building committee of this church has settled all claims against the property. Besides other gifts the church has received money contributions of the value of about $4,000.

SANTA CRUZ—*Calvary Church.*—A guild has been organized in this parish, and is in successful operation.

SAN FRANCISCO—*Church of the Advent.*—Since this church has become the "Bishop's Church of the Diocese," the following services have been arranged for the present: Sunday—Sunday-school at 9 A. M; regular church service at 11 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M. Week-day services—Wednesday at 11 A. M., and Friday at 3 P. M. The Ladies' Relief Society meets every Friday afternoon, after service. Saints' days—Regular service with the Holy Communion at 11 A. M.—*Pacific Churchman.*

MISSION SERVICES.—By an arrangement between the Rev. Messrs. W. H. Stoy, of Marysville, and Thomas Smith, of San Francisco, services will be held hereafter at several points north of Marysville.

For Collegiate, Ordinations, Confirmations, etc., see last page.

NOTICES.

DIED.

At Fredericksted, St. Croix (Danish West Indies), on the 9th of November, 1878, of yellow fever, Midshipman ANTHONY WAYNE ROLLINS, U. S. Navy, from Kentucky.

At the same place, on the 14th of November, of yellow fever, Midshipman STEVENSON BLOUNT MALLORY, U. S. Navy, from Virginia.

The family of each of these young officers have the consolation of knowing that they were faithfully and constantly attended from the beginning to the end by the Rev. John C. Du Bois, rector of St. Paul's, Fredericksted.

Entered into the life everlasting on Friday morning, November 29th, Miss ADELINE MAURAN, of Providence, R. I.

At Memphis, Tenn., Wednesday evening, September 25th, 1878, JOHN POLLARD TREZEVANT, of yellow fever, in the 62d year of his age. A faithful soldier of the Cross, and a member of the chapter of St. Mary's Cathedral.

At her home, in Kinsley, Kansas, on Friday, December 6th, 1878, MRS. ELLA A., wife of Mr. Thomas H. Curtin, youngest daughter of the late H. N. Washbon, Esq., aged 24 years and 9 months. The remains were interred at Durant, Iowa, the former home of the family, on the 9th inst.

"The weary are at rest."

At Christ church rectory, Rochester, N. Y., December 10th, 1878, EDWARD NEWELL, third son of the Rev. Wm. D'Orville and Sarah E. Doty, aged 3 years.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a special meeting of the Eulexian Society of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y., held on December 17th, 1878, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take to Himself our beloved brother, LINDSAY P. RUCKER, Jr., therefore

Resolved That we, members of the Eulexian Society, bow in humble submission to the will of God, believing that "He does not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men."

Resolved, That we deeply mourn the loss of our brother, whose pure Christian character endeared him to all; and that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved parents and relatives in their affliction.

Resolved, That we wear mourning thirty days as a mute acknowledgment and token of our grief

GEORGE H. CORNELL,
WILLIAM HALL,
OLIN HALLO K.

St. Stephen's College, December 17th, 1878.

TRIBUTE TO THE REV. DR. WELLS.

The Clergy of the Diocese of Massachusetts, being assembled in goodly numbers at the call of the Bishop, and having conferred together on the loss sustained by the community at large, and by themselves personally, desire to record their tribute of love and veneration for the memory of a true servant of Christ, a saint of rare humility, a devoted presbyter of the Church, a father of the poor, a son of consolation to the suffering and sorrowful, the Rev. ELEAZER MATHER PORTER WELLS, Doctor of Sacred Theology, who, on the evening of the first day of the first week of this present season of Advent, Sunday, December 1st, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and in the happy possession of his consecrated faculties, welcomed death's summons to the coming of his Lord.

With moistened eyes, and with a deep sense of the bereavement, we yet give hearty thanks to Almighty God for the good example of His honored servant, now resting from prolonged earthly labors. We are grateful that we can think of him to-day as awaiting in perfect enjoyment of the Saviour's love, and in the light and refreshment of Paradise, the revelation of His final advent. A Christian of that true greatness of character which is more than gifts of genius or learning, renown or station, the greatness of unaffected and profound humility, exceptionally free from the littleness of ambition and self-seeking; a man of great heart, enlarged affections overflowing sympathies, and a wide-embracing charity; a clergyman of stainless reputation and incorruptible integrity; an enthusiast in his sacred calling, especially in his self-elected mission to the destitute and afflicted, the outcast and the erring; generous and self-sacrificing to the last degree; consecrating time, labor, and substance to His holy cause; ascetic and severe towards himself, but singularly considerate and indulgent towards others; attempering even needed reproofs with unwonted kindness, in his endeavor to follow, though at an humble distance, the world's Great Exemplar of benignity and mercy.

The work of Dr. Wells, continued for so long a period at St. Stephen's Mission, in Boston, and as the trusted almoner of very many of his fellow-citizens, and, withal, his pure and consistent life as a man of God and of unremitting prayer, furnish a splendid commendation of religion, and of the communion which he preferred and loved; and are an ornament to the various societies with which he was connected. Unsullied loyalty in the sacred relations of life was a marked trait of his character; first, of course, to his Divine Head, and then to all that belonged to Him—His Church, His ministering servants, His faithful people, as well in secular associations and private friendships. He had unshaken faith in the Church of Christ as the only sure safeguard and citadel of goodness amidst hostile influences of sin abounding in the world. None more reluctant to give ear to disparagements or aspersions upon any of its members, or more ready to honor any and all degrees of worthiness in the most lowly and obscure; in his own lowliness of mind ever esteeming others better than himself, gladly seeing them preferred, and rejoicing in the humblest ministrations for his own share in the service of his Master and of his kind. His brethren of the clergy feel that such an example is an invaluable legacy in an age of indulgence, self-seeking and easy Christianity; and they accept it as a call to themselves to more unsparing consecration and sacrifice. They will long and warmly cherish sacred and sweet memories of the life and service of the beloved father now with God—well worthy of a permanent memorial amid the scenes of his long and persevering ministry of love.

J. B. PEIRCE, Secretary.

Boston, December 9th, 1878.

NOTICE.

The Twenty-seventh Anniversary of the Orphans' Home and Asylum of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will be held on Saturday, December 28th, at 11:30 o'clock, A. M., at the Institution, Forty-ninth street, corner Lexington Avenue.

The annual reports will be read, and Trustees, Managers, etc., elected for the ensuing year.

After the close of the services, tables of refreshments, etc., will be in readiness, and the Children's Christmas tree will be exhibited. Friends of the Institution are invited to be present.

NOTICE.

We are requested to state that the appeal of the Rev. Mr. McConnell, published in THE CHURCHMAN of December 21st, is not authorized by the Rev. Dr. Harris.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY

needs immediate contributions to enable it to fulfil its obligations to students in school and college.

We need $2,000 in the month of December. Will not the faithful friends of the Society, and those "whom God hath blessed" with abundance, give liberally to this important work?

Remittances and applications may be addressed to the Rev. H. W. SPALDING, Corresponding Sec'y, or the Rev. F. D. HARRIMAN, 179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

THE PREACHER AND THE JOURNALIST.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In reading my daily paper this morning, my eye rested on the above heading, introducing to the readers of the paper an extract taken from a letter which appeared in THE CHURCHMAN of October 12th, by the Rev. James H. Van Buren. The extract was as follows: "Think how the journalist is laid under daily necessity for fresh and sound utterance. Are two sermons a week a more tremendous strain upon us than seven editorials upon him? No chance for 'old sermons' with an editor, either. He regards his editorials as equally important in their own way with the telegraphic news. His readers may view the matter otherwise, but to him, and to the success of his paper, the editorial is no subordinate part of his work. I hold that the sermon bears much the same relation to the rest of the service as the editorial does to the news." In publishing this extract the design of the editor was, perhaps, to magnify his office, although, unfortunately for him, the issue in which it appeared had not a scrap of an editorial.

Now I have no wish to find fault with any editor who seeks to enhance the important position which he holds, and the onerous duties which he has to discharge as one of the leaders of public thought. I only wish all our editors would so realize their responsibilities as to make them more judicious in their selections, more careful in their advertisements, and more prudent in their utterances upon the grave questions which, from time to time, agitate the State and the nation. I believe fully in the power of the press, for weal or for woe, and I would like to see it so lifted above party trammels and sectional hatred, that the truth might at all seasons be fearlessly spoken. I take issue, however, with the writer of the above extract in THE CHURCHMAN, because I do not think his statement of the case fair or just. I thank him for many things he has well and nobly said regarding the importance of preaching, and I am sure, on further reflection, he will see the weakness of his argument in comparing the labors of the journalist with those of the preacher. In speaking of the journalist he alludes, of course, to the whole class; just as, when he speaks of the preacher, he refers to the whole body of the ministry. Now, is it true that all the journalists in our country write seven editorials a week? Thank God, there are very few Sunday papers; and of the six editorials remaining, how many are to be found outside our large cities? How many, at least, worth the reading? The editors in our important centres of trade and commerce and politics do write, I thankfully confess, able and exhaustive articles upon the current topics of our times. But it must be borne in mind that the men who wield the editorial pen in these centres of business are the picked men of the profession, commanding $5,000 or $10,000 a year for their services. God has given to such men great powers and abilities, just as He has given the same to our Liddons, our Halls, and our Brookses; but it is surely unjust to demand of the rank and file of the editorial and clerical professions the same proficiency and excellency that we would exact of men of preëminent talent. Moreover, the larger proportion of newspapers published in our land are weekly or semi-weekly publications, and therefore their editorials are confined to one or, at the most, to two issues.

The writer in THE CHURCHMAN believes in short sermons. He thinks twenty minutes ordinarily long enough. How many editorials are weekly, not to speak of daily, written which would occupy twenty minutes in the reading? He says: "The responsibility of preaching is awful, the joy of it is sublime. . . . The possibilities of power that lie open before the faithful preacher are worthy of the desire of archangels." All this being so, how careful should be the preparation of the faithful minister, how diligent should be his study, lest through haste or inattention he should let fall from his lips words which, when once spoken, can never be recalled. The fact is, too much of the preaching of our times is meretricious and sensational. The measure of a man's usefulness is made too largely to depend upon his power to make the church of which he is minister a paying investment. Hence, the frequent changes in our parochial relations, and the disturbed condition of things in many of our dioceses. It must also be remembered that in most of our rural districts the rector has to discharge not only his clerical duties, but must likewise look after the temporal interests of the parish, besides oftentimes overwhelmed with his own pressing necessities. To my younger brethren in the ministry I would advise, after an experience of near twenty years, the writing of but one sermon a week. It is the advice of a wise and godly bishop, now gone to his rest. The one sermon carefully studied and written, with the many other demands made upon the time of a parish priest, will fully occupy the hours of the week. What our country most needs now is less preaching and more practice; less Sunday amusement in the shape of sensational oratory and operatic singing, and more humility and confession of sin, more honesty and truthfulness in both the private and public walks of life, more sincerity and true godliness. As journalists and ministers let us aim for these high and noble ends, and study ourselves to adorn in all things the doctrine of God our Saviour.

HENRY PURDY.

October 30th, 1878.

A CHANCE TO DO GOOD.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

There are in the Diocese of Kentucky two youths, whose names I need not mention here, who have an earnest desire to enter the ministry. One, raised in the Church, has cherished the wish ever since he was quite a small boy; the other, raised in the mountain fastnesses, ever since "the grace of God which bringeth salvation" shined into his heart. They are about the same age—seventeen; their characters are, and from childhood have been, pure and unsullied by a single vice; they are each gifted with bright intellects; but, alas! are too poor to procure more than the plainest education.

On the other hand, there are in the Church of which they are humble members hundreds of families of ample fortunes who either have no children, or, worse, are spending thousands of dollars on graceless and thankless boys, who give them nothing but pain and anxiety for all their trouble and expense.

How Christlike a thing it would be for two of these families to adopt these two youths, so full of promise of future usefulness, and send them to one of our Church schools, paying all expenses (not over $350 per annum) until they are prepared to enter the ministry!

How could they better invest that amount of money annually? What a percentage of pure pleasure it would return them! What a sweet satisfaction would it be to them to watch the future course of these their young Timothys, their sons in the Gospel! What joy unspeakable it will be to meet them and those they have been instrumental in saving at that day when every man shall be rewarded according to his works!

One of the saddest features in the Church to-day is the indisposition of the sons of the wealthy to go into the ministry—the noblest profession of all when weighed in the balances of the sanctuary. But if your boy will not shun the path of the destroyer, and thus gladden your heart, is it not proper that you should ransom your first-born, as Israel of old, by putting those into the priest's office who are both willing and anxious to serve at the altar?

I know from the private character of these two youths that no risks will be run in helping them, but that anything expended for them will return to the donor a rich harvest of blessing, and satisfaction both here and hereafter.

J. S. JOHNSTON.

Mount Sterling, Ky.

HELP FOR SOUTHERN CLERGY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I see a request in THE CHURCHMAN of November 30th for help for the poor of a prominent parish in New Orleans. This brings forward an important question of how and where our help can be best given, when now, as the winter comes on, the claims upon us are urgent for our own poor about us, for our missionaries who with insufficient salaries need both sympathy and aid in their noble work, and for other benevolent enterprises in which many of us have been long engaged. The question naturally suggests itself, What was done with the immense amount of clothing sent from New York alone, two months or so ago, to New Orleans, for the use of the poor? Why did not this parish then receive what may have been needed? Has any help been offered to the noble men among our clergy who *remained* during the pestilence and ministered consolation, or to the families of those of them who died? It seems as if the impulses of all earnest and intelligent Christians should now go out to seek them and offer not only sympathy, but attend to their wants. If anything more is to be done for the South it is this: One of the heroes, I know, had had no suggestions of the kind made in his case six weeks or so ago. At that time a few of us, after waiting to find out what we could do, had the great happiness of showing him he should not be left worse off for his devotion of his life and that of his family to his Master's service during the fatal summer.

In a word, the great question which must be considered sooner or later in all our schemes of benevolence is, Shall we help those who do well and help themselves, but still need assistance; or shall we pay a premium on idleness, shiftlessness, and voluntary dependence?

J. K. COLLES.

Morristown, N. J., December 3d, 1878.

"THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The touching appeal made by Bishop Lay in THE CHURCHMAN of November 30th, prior to his departure for Europe, on behalf of the "Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen and of Aged and Infirm Clergymen," was well calculated to open the hearts and hands of every member of the Church who reflects upon the condition in which so many servants of the Master, or their families, are left, by reason of advanced age, infirmity, or death.

It is to my pain as well as my privilege, as secretary to this noble charity, to receive every application for relief, and to conduct the correspondence with the beneficiaries. The story of the urgent needs and sad privations of the excellent men and bereaved widows and orphans which almost daily comes to us, fills our hearts with sadness and despondency that we are compelled to withhold relief from so many, and can give so little to the rest. I have before me a formidable file of applications from bishops and prominent presbyters, all urging, in most pathetic and persuasive language, the claims of destitute, worn-out ministers of our Church, or of their widows and orphans, whose demands upon our sym-

pathies and assistance are wellnigh imperative. But the state of our treasury compels us to deny them all.

As stated by Bishop Lay, there are fifty annuitants on our list, of whom thirteen are disabled clergymen and thirty-seven are widows or orphans of deceased clergymen. There are, as he also states, thirty other families to whom we have yearly appropriated such sums as our resources admitted, and who yet need our aid as imperatively as at any previous time. The income from the royalty on the Hymnal, at one time so liberal, has, in consequence of the churches everywhere being supplied with it, largely fallen off; and unless the fund is generously increased from other sources, not only shall we be obliged to reject all new applications, but the grants to our present beneficiaries must be materially reduced.

Until within the present year it has been our privilege and ability to listen to every appeal and respond favorably to every worthy applicant. The letters of gratitude and thanksgiving in acknowledgment of our remittances could not be read with unmoistened eyes; and our own hearts responded joyfully to these evidences of the happiness, comfort, and relief brought to those anxious and desolate homes. Are we no longer to have these privileges? Must these worthy men and women be left uncheered and unrelieved by the annual or semi-annual remittances we have for the past five years been accustomed to make them? Can the Church afford that this society, created by the general convention as the official organ for relieving the destitution of her clergy or their widows and orphans, shall languish and become almost inoperative, when after many years of diligent and careful inquiry they have selected from thirty or more dioceses a worthy band of nearly one hundred families who sorely need the upholding hand the Church is urgently called to extend to them?

Now, at this Christmas-tide, may not these aged and infirm servants or their families share liberally of the good gifts so bountifully bestowed upon our more favored homes; and may we not hope that the painful necessity shall not be forced upon us of saying to those whom we have so long delighted to assist, and to others who are waiting upon our increased ability, that our resources are inadequate to continue or extend our benefactions? Sad indeed will be our position if such shall be our painful duty as we enter upon a New Year.

Contributions may be sent to W. Alex. Smith, treasurer, No. 40 Wall street, or to the subscriber,

LLOYD W. WELLS, Secretary,
119 Second Avenue, New York.

THE LATE REV. MR. SCHWRAR.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

As I have seen only the barest mention of the death of the Rev. J. M. Schwrar, one of the yellow-fever martyrs, in either the Church or secular papers, I send you the following:

He was rector of St. Thomas's church, Somerville, and Immanuel church, La Grange, and for many years secretary of the Convention of the Diocese of Tennessee. He was most prompt and conscientious in the discharge of all his duties, and proved "faithful" even "unto death." He had remained with his people, most of whom were poor, declining many calls, lest, should he go, they might long remain as "sheep not having a shepherd." And although he expected to be a victim to the yellow-fever, he would not forsake his flock. When the scourge first made its appearance at Somerville, a Methodist minister, who was in delicate health, was in doubt as to what he ought to do, and consulted Mr. Schwrar. "Go," said he, "I will represent you among your people who are here."

No more faithful and true worker in the Lord's vineyard has "laid down his life for his friends" than the Rev. John Miller Schwrar. W. C. GRAY.

THE MANAGEMENT OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Much time and thought have been expended, as we know, by both bishops and clergy, upon the subject of Sunday-schools. I now ask permission for a woman to speak, and because she has something to say. I have been a practical worker in Sunday-schools for twenty years, and am now engaged in a city Sunday-school. I have seen various methods tried, from the driest, most uninteresting catechisms, which scarcely a theologian could understand, and which were placed in the hands of inexperienced teachers and scholars, down to the leaflets of to-day; but each and all proved ineffectual. Certainly the object of the Sunday-school is not to get the largest number of scholars together, hurry through the lesson, and dismiss them, but to train the children for good Church men and women.

The plan that we have successfully adopted for two years is this: The school is graded upon the same plan as the public day-schools. The Church Catechism is taught throughout the whole school every Sunday. Each child that can read commits the collect to memory. The infant-class have the collect repeated to them. Our text-books are the "Three Promises," Schouler's "Church Catechism," Mrs. Weston's "Fundamentals," and Witherspoon's Nos. V., VI., and VII.; in all, nine grades, comprising ages ranging from nine to twenty-one years.

It seems to me that the fault has been with the clergy, who have not looked upon the Sunday-school as a part of their work, for which they must give an account for each and every soul therein. To my mind it is just as important a service as half-past ten in the morning, or half-past seven in the evening.

The advantage of our system is that the scholars have something to work for, a definite end—graduation; when they shall be fitted for teachers. And beside, the teachers remaining stationary are thus required to go over the same ground, year after year, and so are enabled to perfect themselves in their particular department. A clergyman needs to be the head of his Sunday-school as much as his church. Discipline is absolutely necessary, and that in which a look or motion of the finger is sufficient with both teachers and scholars. In a word, Sunday-school is a place for business of the most serious kind; a place where souls should receive that special training which is denied them at home, and the training which sponsors neglect.

The Church, if it is our mother, must look after the neglected ones. What a responsibility, but what a noble work! Yet how few good Church men and women are willing to deny themselves the comfort of an afternoon nap to help in this good work, and so the clergyman, be he never so well inclined, must use inefficient help, and get along as best he can! SISTER HENRIETTA.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In your issue of November 30th, last, a correspondent asks for suggestions in regard to the management of libraries. After an experience of twenty-five years, having tried all the plans I could hear of, my attention was called to Ray's Check Register. Having used it for years, I pronounce it superior to any other plan. Three librarians can easily supply a school of 400 to 500 scholars.

By requiring the scholars to place their books in one place on entering the school, the librarians do not have to go around the school to collect them. No one goes to the library excepting the librarians.

The books are distributed just before the close of the school. This plan does away with all disturbance of the classes.

When scholars become careless and habitually lose their library cards, I make it a rule to keep them some weeks without them.

I will cheerfully give details to any one desiring further information.

EDWARD L. KEMP,
Grace Rectory, Toledo, O., Dec. 5th, 1878.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL AIM.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Having experienced successful results from the following "definite aim" in the Sunday-school work for many years, it may prove of advantage to others: 1st—Collectively—To inspire the love of a devout service of prayer and praise to God, our Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. 2nd—Individually—To develop and impart an intelligent sense of personal obligation to the will and law of God, as revealed in the sacred Scriptures and taught by the ordinances and sacraments of the Church.

CARLOS A. BUTLER,
Superintendent Sunday-school, Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, November, 1878.

"MUNERARI" AND "NUMERARI."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Although to be forever numbered with God's saints surpasses the highest human ambition, or even conception apart from Revelation, yet to be gifted, especially with the collateral idea of reward, is a fuller idea of God's condescending goodness, as implying man's active acceptance of the gift. Hence, "munerari" is preferable to "numerari" in the Ambrosian hymn.

Daniel (Thesaurus Hymnologicus) finds "munerari" to be the genuine and most ancient word in the old Breviaries, and states that "numerari" first appears in Italy and France about 1495 (Dan., H. T., II., 299). Moreover, his Theotisc version of the hymn (p. 277), dating from the beginning of the ninth century, has "lonot," wage, reward, corresponding to the present high German "lohn," wage, recompense.

JAMES C. BOOTH.
Philadelphia, Pa., December 5th, 1878.

INFORMATION WANTED.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Some time ago I saw in THE CHURCHMAN a notice of a reprint in tract form of Wesley's sermon "On Constant Communion." Can you or any of your readers tell me where and at what price that tract can be obtained in quantities? CHAS. H. MEAD.
Laurel, Del., December 2d, 1878.

BISHOP DOANE'S "MOSAICS."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Will not Bishop Doane complete this work in THE CHURCHMAN by adding Mosaics for the Saints' days? I am sure most of your readers would rejoice to meet him again in your columns, in this or in any other form of instruction. As for myself, I have read and studied his papers earnestly, and their deepest interest centered in this—that in opening a larger insight into each special and consecutive Scripture for the week, they were preparatory to receiving the same sacramentally, as incarnate in Him who is "the Word made flesh"—the Living Truth who is our meat and drink.

I am sure that I am uttering the voice of your readers generally in expressing my sadness at parting with this faithful teacher and father in God, and my hope to meet him again in your pages. C. TYSON.
Ellicott City, Md.

NEW BOOKS.

THE MICROSCOPE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the late Rev. William Sewell, D.D., formerly Fellow of Exeter College, some time Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford, and Whitehall Preacher. Edited by the Rev. W. J. Crichton, M.A. [London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1878.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 438.

The closing years of Dr. Sewell's life were spent in a minute study of the New Testament. In his earlier years he had commenced a research into the exact meanings of Greek tenses and moods, and the delicate discrimination which ought to be made in interpreting the prepositions and other particles of that language, and especially in the diction of the Gospels and Epistles. Some of the results of his scholarship and of his personal investigations are given in these pages. The author has taken up various passages of the New Testament and examined them with closer scrutiny than commentators on the Bible or the New Testament, or even on its separate Books, as a whole, would be able or apt to give. Very few will be disposed to deny that the grammatical interpretation is a most important element in exegetical science, and that we of the present day have, in this respect, a great advantage over the men of former times. Our English version, it must be confessed, frequently ignores the proper significance of tenses, and prepositions, and the article. The advocates for the desirableness of a revision of the translation of the New Testament find in this fact some of their strongest arguments.

It will be seen at once, therefore, that any work on the subject which underlies this volume by Dr. Sewell must be intensely interesting to all Biblical students. A considerable portion of the passages here examined and explained have already been made the subject of controversy among scholars, and to them, at least, readers will turn with interest which needs no new arousing. We mention a few of them: "The Triple Question of our Lord to Peter"; "St. Paul's Reason for not Marrying"; "The Voice Heard in Saul's Conversion"; "The Titles given to our Lord in the New Testament"; and "Baptism for the Dead." This last has been the theme of considerable correspondence recently in the columns of THE CHURCHMAN. Dr. Sewell's explanation may therefore be of some help in solving the puzzle. He says:

> The difficulty is removed by careful attention to two points: (1) the strict meaning of the Greek word which is rendered in English by "dead," and (2) the order of the words in the original. The *dead* in English means "persons who have departed this life"; the word νεκροὶ means "dead bodies," "corpses." St. Paul's whole reasoning in this chapter applies to a doubt entertained, not of the future state of existence, but of the resurrection of the body. . . Now it must be observed that, according to the repeated language of Scripture, Christians receive in baptism a new germ of life by the regenerating gift of the Holy Ghost, which not only communicates inspiration to the soul, but a new vitality to the body, so that by that gift their bodies, though temporarily dissolved in death, are yet to be restored to life again at the Resurrection. The bodies of unbaptized persons, inasmuch as they do not possess this new germ of life, are considered as corpses. The Christians are baptized *for, in behalf of,* to procure a blessing for *their dead bodies.* . . .
>
> But the order of the words also precludes the idea that St. Paul is speaking of a particular class of persons who were baptized *for the dead* as distinct from the great body of Christians whom he supposed to be baptized *for the living;* for if such were the case, the ὑπὲρ τῶν νεκρῶν, "for the dead," would have been placed between the article οἱ and the participle βαπτιζόμενοι; and the phrase would run, as is frequently the case in German, "the for the dead baptized."
>
> Moreover, the article with "dead" indicates some definite dead, a class of persons positively and distinctly marked out, consisting of individuals known to the reader. . . And the tense of βαπτιζόμενοι is not unimportant. It is an imperfect present, and not (as the English "which are baptized" might suggest) an adverb. It must mean "the persons who are seeking to be baptized, having themselves baptized, procuring baptism for themselves, with the hope of gaining some benefit *for their own dead bodies.*"

The explanations of these separate passages are comparatively short. The volume contains more extended *excursus* on "The Accounts of the Resurrection"; "The Last Words of our Lord on the Cross"; "The origin of the Four Gospels," and "The Last Scenes of our Lord's Life." All these partake more or less of the nature of commentaries, but they are based upon the exact significance of the original Greek. We think that in some instances the author pushes conclusions too far. Occasionally his statements will not stand the test of searching criticism. The language of the New Testament is not, in every case, sufficiently exact, and there are too many variations in the text to warrant all the inductions which he draws. At the same time his volume is of rare value. It contains more that is suggestive than will be found in any commentary, and it will stimulate study.

One thing is especially worthy of remark: Dr. Sewell has subjected the language of the New Testament to "microscopic" scrutiny, not for the purpose of discovering difficulties and contradictions, but in order to find the deeper truths and the hidden harmony contained therein. We commend his book to the clergy, and to Bible students generally, as a treasury of fresh knowledge, and also as being a model of what Scripture study ought to be—namely, thorough and reverent.

THE STORY OF LIBERTY. By Charles Carleton Coffin, Author of "The Boys of '76." Illustrated. [New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 404

The design of this work is praiseworthy. The general plan is excellent. It is addressed to the boys and girls of America. It recounts the different ways by which the world has emerged from slavery into freedom. The stories told of real heroes are far more wonderful than those which novelists weave for the entertainment of the young, and which nowadays make up so largely the reading provided for them. The author furnishes a series of historical sketches—all illustrative of the one general idea. His style is graphic and quite impressive, and there is a flavor of freshness in it which will be appreciated and enjoyed by all classes of readers. The book opens with the story of how the English barons wrung Magna Charta from King John. Similar evidences of the same upward movements in other countries, as for example, the invention of printing in Germany, and the voyage of Columbus from Spain, are brought out very skilfully. Occasionally the titles chosen are, in themselves, almost dramatic in their meaning. It would be an interesting exercise to question some boy or girl who may have read the book as to the particular reference contained in each. Thus Wicliff is called "the man who preached after he was dead." The history of John Huss has for its heading, "The Fire that was Kindled in Bohemia."

It is a cause for sincere regret that a plan so admirable in conception and purpose should have been here and there imperfectly carried out. The author, in his desire to make strong points, has colored history beyond truthfulness. His chapter on the sailing of the "Mayflower" is a painful misrepresentation of facts. The pictures of representative men and women are in several cases unjustly overdrawn. Overwrought fiction is harmful to the young, but perverted history is in some respects worse for them.

FORTUNE OF THE REPUBLIC. Lecture Delivered at the Old South Church, March 20th, 1878. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. [Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1878] 12mo, cloth, pp. 44.

We have seldom seen a clearer analysis of the failings and the weak points in the practical workings and present condition of our political system than that contained in these few pages. The deference which legislators pay to the mob element, the low spirit of our political economy, the habit of sacrificing principles to party, the belittling tyranny of custom, and other serious faults in the working of our social system are described with rare thoughtfulness and power. But the fact that "as the people have made a government they can make another," affords a ground of hope, and makes the outlook, after all, a cheerful one.

LIFE OF JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D. By James Brown, D.D., Author of the "Life of a Scottish Probationer." Second edition. [London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.] Cloth, pp. 408.

Dr. Eadie's name is well known to American scholars. His numerous contributions to Biblical literature, his commentaries, and especially his "History of the English Bible," —the most complete ever written—introduced him to a wide circle of readers. His life ran, for the most part, in quiet channels. He "never removed from the city where he began his ministry. He kept no journal, and he seldom wrote a letter which extended beyond the limits of a hurried business note." But those who knew him only through his published writings have but an imperfect idea of what he was, or of the work which he accomplished. These are told by his genial and admiring biographer, and they are told in the most charming way. His early education, his course as a student at the Glasgow University, the wonderful power of memory which very soon gave promise of future eminence in scholarship, his ministry in Glasgow, his professorship in "Theological Hall," and his literary work, including his service as one of the committee on the revision of the Bible, are all narrated with wise discrimination, and with a modesty on the part of the biographer which are truly praiseworthy.

THE INSPIRATION OF HOLY SCRIPTURE: Being an Essay by the Rt. Rev. Edward Harold Browne, D.D., and a Portion of an Essay by the Rt. Rev. Chas. John Ellicott, D.D. [New York: T. Whittaker. 1878.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 171.

This is not an original work, at least in the sense of newness. The two essays here printed, one entirely and the other in part, first appeared in the volume entitled "Aids to Faith," which was put forth several years ago in answer to "Essays and Reviews." We need not say that they are especially valuable. In taking them out of the somewhat extended and miscellaneous collection in which they first appeared, and printing them separately, they are in a much better shape for doing the good of which their inherent worth makes them capable. They are admirably fitted to teach and to convince concerning the question of Biblical inspiration. The volume is a good one to put into the hands of such as need information, or of those who have become troubled with the difficulties of the generally received doctrine.

LIGHTS OF THE OLD ENGLISH STAGE. [New York: D. Appleton & Company.] Paper, pp. 225. Price 30 cents.

We find this to be more of a work than its title seemed to promise. Its main purpose is to furnish sketches of the more prominent dramatists and play-actors from the time of Shakespeare down to the present century. But, in reality, it gives a pretty full history of the English drama itself through all that period. It is valuable because it enables the reader to trace the gradual growth of this branch of literature, and especially because it gives a clear idea of the method of scenic representation in the early days of the English stage.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF RUFUS CHOATE. By Edwin P. Whipple. [New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.] 32mo, paper, pp. 100. Price 15 cents.

Mr. Whipple's essay is, in itself, an admirable example of biographical literature, but his subject would have been eminently interesting in the hands of a less skilful writer. As it is, few better sketches of the kind have

ever been written. It abounds with anecdotes of the distinguished lawyer and orator, and presents a life-like picture of the man who so long stood foremost among his contemporaries.

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE; ITS TRANSLATIONS AND TRANSLATORS. By John Stoughton, D.D., Author of "Homes and Haunts of Martin Luther," "Lights of the World," "The Progress of Divine Revelation," etc. [London: The Religious Tract Society. New York: Scribner & Welford.] Cloth, pp. 310.

As a popular history of the English Bible, giving all the essential facts and tracing the gradual progress of efforts to translate the different books of Scripture, and of the Bible as a whole, into the language of the English people, this work deserves high praise. Of course it is less complete than that by Eadie, or even Wescott's, but it gives a clear and connected account of all that has been done in this line from Wycliffe down to the present time. The author has made good use of the labors of others, and has also made the subject a matter of personal study and research.

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS. By Captain Mayne Reid and others. [New York: James Miller.]

These stories, all of them, will prove delightful to the boys who have never read them, and almost equally so to those who have. For certainly a good book loses little charm in the rereading. These incidents of stirring adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and the strange ways and doings of animals, will serve to keep many a boy of this generation busy and happy on rainy Saturdays. The language used is not as simple as it might be, but when these stories were written, people went on the principle that children must adapt themselves to their elders, and not the elders to children.

The book is handsomely bound, and the old familiar pictures are to our mind much more appropriate to these stories than any new ones would have been.

LEADING-STRINGS TO KNOWLEDGE. Thirty-two Easy Stories, arranged by Mrs Trimmer. [New York: James Miller.]

Everybody knows Mrs. Trimmer, or at least the work of her hands. This little volume of stories in easy words nearly every English-speaking child that has grown up in the last forty years has learned to read by help of Mrs. Trimmer, and her quaintly worded but very interesting little lessons are likely to serve the same purpose for many generations to come. The book is handsomely and attractively bound and illustrated, and the print excellent for very young eyes.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT. By Francis Winthrop Palfrey. [Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1878.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 309.

This is the deserved and an exceedingly well written record of a truly brave man and noble soldier. He served his country faithfully and honestly, and was conscientious in both public and private life. As a patriot and a Christian, his biography is full of good teaching and example, and Mr. Palfrey's tribute to his memory is marked by tenderness and rare spiritual appreciation.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. By T. Arnold. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.] 18mo, paper, pp. 185. Price 25 cents.

This publication belongs to the "Handy-Volume Series." It is reprinted from the "Encyclopedia Britannica." It gives a fair outline history of English literature from about the beginning of the Anglo-Saxon period down to the death of Sir Walter Scott. It is well known as a work of more than ordinary value, and therefore needs no fresh commendation.

THE EUROPEANS. By Henry James. [Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.]

It is hardly necessary at this date to recommend this author's work; he is well known to those who can appreciate a refined literary skill such as he possesses. He is never to be read for the sake of the story as such, which is apt to disappoint one who is looking for an exciting denouement; the interest and enjoyment is on each page as we turn it. In this tale we have the reverse of what occurs in "The American." Two young persons of thoroughly European culture visit some American relatives, and the contrast of types thus brought together is presented with a wonderfully firm and clear, yet delicate, touch. The work is fully as good as anything Mr. James has yet done.

COALS OF FIRE: A Story of a Pauper's Revenge By M. Alice Sweet.

HARRY THE PRODIGAL. By Mrs. C. J. Richmond, Author of "The Jewelled Serpent," etc.

THE BREWERY OF TAYLORVILLE. By Mary Dwinell Chelis, Author of "The Brewer's Fortune," etc. [New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.]

The titles of these books describe their contents and lead one to infer their purpose—that of teaching and warning the young against the evils of intemperance. These books are very handsomely illustrated.

ADVENTURES IN FAIRY LAND. By Richard H. Stoddard. [New York: James Miller.]

This is the reprint of an excellent volume of fairy stories written a number of years ago by this talented author. They are quite as enjoyable in their present dress as in the original. The book has several illustrations, and the stories themselves are charming.

LITERATURE.

JANUARY MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine for December contains another article on the Paris Exposition, which gives its readers a full account of the machinery. It appears that American industry holds its own remarkably well in this department. The last chapters of "For Percival" are saddened by the death of its fair little heroine, a pathetic and well-written but unsatisfactory end of a fine story. "Sister Silvia" is almost equally sorrowful in its tone. "Danubian Days" is interesting and fully illustrated. In a description of the great earthquake of Venezuela all the horror and agony of such a scene are graphically painted.

THE best things in *Scribner's* for January are an illustrated article on "Old Maryland Manners"; one on that many-sided artist and charming man, Leonarde da Vinci, with sketches of his mechanical designs, and also of several of his more celebrated paintings; a description of the "Mountain Lakes of California," and a pleasant account of an ancient New York institution, the "Old Bull's Head," tavern and cattle market, in which we are assured that no capital of the world shows nobler horses in its streets than does New York. The serials of Boyesen and Mrs. Burnett go on, and the two moderately interesting short tales, "Ninon," and "Century Plants." Bayard Taylor does honor to the late Mr. Bryant in some fine verses. The rest of the number contains nothing of much value, excepting an extraordinarily good and thoughtful editorial article on "Religion in these Days."

AFTER Prof. Goldwin Smith's article, "Is Universal Suffrage a Failure?" the most solid piece in the January *Atlantic* is "Aspects of American Life," by Charles Dudley Warner, the aspects he chiefly dwells on being the want of thrift, greed for money and for position, both in society and in office, irrespective of fitness for it, which characterize the Americans as a people. It is all sadly true enough, and it will do no one harm to read and meditate on the subject. We may comfort our souls, if we care so to be comforted, with Mr. Warner's assertion that in these faults we greatly resemble the English. The Germans too, we are told, are an uneconomical people; the truly thrifty one being the French, and after that the Italian. Miss Preston has an article on "Latest Songs of Chivalry," which is very pleasant reading, mostly on account of its numerous quotations, familiar or less known, from Chaucer down to Spencer. There are stories by Mrs. Stowe, Aldrich, four chapters more of Mr. Howell's serial, and a striking short tale, "The Pines of Eden," by G. P. Lathrop. "Workingmen's Wives" is an interesting article. The verses are by J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Spofford, Whittier, and Kate Putnam Osgood; the Contributors' Club contains some good remarks on Mr. James's "Europeans," the other matter is but moderately interesting. The number, on the whole, strikes us as not so good as it ought to be.

THE illustrated articles in *Harper's* for January are one about Liverpool, the great seaport of England; "A Chapter in the History of Ants"; and one called "Rambles in the South of France," among those charming, quiet old Rhone cities, Avignon, Arles, Tarascon, Nimes, etc. An article on Cloisonné Enamel gives us a history of the art, with a description of the methods employed in it; and there follows this an account of a meeting of the English Royal Agricultural Society, and of the implements then displayed. Rousseau is brought before us in a fresh light, as a musician. "Macleod of Dare" is concluded dolefully, and the "Return of the Native" cheerfully. There is an account given of Maria Brooks, otherwise Maria del Occidente, somewhat over-enthusiastic, it seems to us, concerning her poetry. There are but two short stories, "A Reporter's Romance," and "The Image of San Donato," the latter better than *Harper's* short tales often are. "The Great Harvest Year" is celebrated in a good poem of some length.

ONE feels the poverty of language in trying to do justice to *St. Nicholas*. This first-rate magazine for our children is always the best, and no higher praise than this could be awarded. We have, in the January number, which is also made the Christmas number, first, an illustrated three-page poem, by Whittier, and then a beautifully written and illustrated story, "Children's Day at St. Paul's." Charles Dudley Warner has a short article called "What Shall He Do With Her?" and after reading it and laughing heartily over it, we can honestly say that the author's question would be hard to answer. The editor of the magazine, Mary Mapes Dodge, favors us with a pleasing story, "Wondering Tom," and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has contributed a story called "Behind the White Brick." Katherine D. Smith has brought "Half a Dozen Housekeepers" to the end of their delightful vacation, and we regret it as much as they. Miss Ledyard has made one of her loveliest pictures to illustrate the Christmas page. Nothing can exceed the grace and naturalness of her pictures of children. One of Church's funniest conceptions graces this number of *St. Nicholas*—a picture which speaks for itself. The serials, "Rumpty Dudget's Tower," and "A Jolly Fellowship," go on, and for our little bits of girls and boys, M. M. D. has written about "The Little Girl who Wanted to Go to the Moon." This story has four striking illustrations.

Wide Awake has been steadily increasing in interest as to reading matter and in the value of its pictures. It is safe to say that the January number (1879) is the best which has yet been issued. The frontispiece is an illustration of a quaint old poem on the first page, called "The Christ-Cradle," by Margaret J. Preston. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has an interesting story for girls of sixteen, "My Mother Put It On"; and Emma E. Brown, in an article called "Boston Rosebuds," tells us a great many new and interesting facts about roses. A very amusing poem, "The Mince-Pie Prince," is contributed by Kirk Munroe. In an article called "Lady Betty's Cooking School" the authoress, Mrs. Lillie, tells us how Lady Betty Leigh, a young English girl of fifteen, founded a cooking-school, in her native town in

evonshire, for the instruction of poor girls no did not know anything about this home- art. The story is both entertaining and in- ructive. The first of a series of papers on Our American Artists" is published in this mber, also two new serials, "The Dogberry nch" and "Royal Lowrie's Last Year at . Olave's." Two of the best pictures in this mber of *Wide Awake* are illustrations of argaret Sidney's story, "Tussy's Christ- as." The number closes with "Seven Lit- e Cooks," a little poem for little girls, in hich the rhymes, we doubt not, are familiar many childish minds.

SCIENCE.

MR. ALEXANDER AIRD, a Scotchman, began ven years ago to utilize the sewage of the y of Dantzic by irrigating with it certain rrens in the neighborhood of the city. The ops he has raised on this land have been usually large; for instance, he has raised xteen and one-half tons of potatoes to the re, and he considers the undertaking such a ccess that he has lately contracted with the unicipal authorities of Breslau, a city of out 250,000 inhabitants, to remove its sew- e during twelve years, and with it he in- nds to irrigate and enrich for his own profit out three thousand acres of land.

A FRENCH engineer has made a report on e project of a railroad across the Desert of hara. The projected line would run from giers to Timbuctoo, a distance of some 300 miles, and would rest mainly on layers sand, and toward the end on primitive vol- nic rock, granite, etc. No mountainous structions would have to be encountered, d the average heat does not exceed 75° hrenheit, but occasionally a very cold night ceeds a temperature of 104° in the daytime e great difficulty to overcome would be want of water, which is not to be procured that region, but for three trains daily the ount of water would not be too great for gineering skill to supply.

THE Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presid- at the opening lecture of the London Liter- and Scientific Association lately, and in the arse of his remarks he said this was a period en all true friends of science ought to rally und science. During recent years there had n a great deal of false science, and among ny philosophers there had been a disregard hose irresistible things called facts. He was aid many scientific men had been indulging magination and speculation, and in far too eeping generalizations, which had repelled my. Some even had indulged in fiction. ing to this, theologians, more especially, l had a hard time of it, as they had been ll the doctrines they preached were impos- e and false. But still there had been a nber of earnest men who valued truth and t, and when those were ascertained, made deductions from them.

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CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

22. Fourth Sunday in Advent.
25. CHRISTMAS-DAY.
26. St. Stephen.
27. St. John the Evangelist. Fast.
28. Holy Innocents.
29. First Sunday after Christmas.

JANUARY.

1. Circumcision.
3. Friday. Fast.

SNOW AT CHRISTMAS.

BY K. R. L.

All night the wind went beating
The trees about, repeating
A plaintive, lonesome wail;
The leaves, with hollow rustle,
Were swept by, in their tussle
With the December gale.

The earth meanwhile lay dreary,
With twelve months' toil a-weary,
Brown, grim, and desolate;
Her April greenness perished,
The roses her June cherished
Dead at June's Eden gate.

When, lo! this morning whitely
The snow falls! Linger lightly
Its noiseless spirit feet.
Vails its exceeding fairness
The brown and rugged bareness
Of lane, and road, and street.

On hamlet, town, and city,
O white-winged, gentle Pity,
Descend in quiet peace!
Patient and guileless Lover,
Do thou rough places cover,
Do thou hard pathways ease!

II.

All through the world's sad night-time,
How can I, in my light rhyme,
Tell you how dark and sad
That time were? In disquiet,
A bad, weak earth ran riot—
Temptation-tossed, sin-mad.

So long, so long unbroken
God's silence! Lord, a token!
And still no token came.
Men's hearts to love were deadened,
Men's ways with blood were reddened,
Men's eyes were blind, feet lame!

When, lo! in the time's fulness,
Conqu'ring the age's dulness,
Behold, a reign begin!
One life's sweet ministration,
One love's complete salvation,
Cloaking the world's large sin.

A broad reign's loving duties,
A God-reign's gracious beauties,
A rule serene and wide!
Christ's great heart to the creature's
Pressed close; His wounds healed nature's;
For this He lived and died.

IN MEMORIAM—L. S. S.

BY C. M.

When some great deed of sacrifice is done,
Ever will rise the thought in human hearts,
Alas, what waste! into how many parts
Could that have been divided, which now, one
Wild gift of love, is almost careless thrown
Down at the Master's feet. Thy death but starts
The censure "Whom thy sympathetic arts
Could cheer and help, Thou leavest to their moan."
Yet not in vain the lesson once was taught
That lavishness is sometimes duty's claim,
When Christ declared a good work had been wrought,
Coeval with His Gospel in its fame.
Thy brief yet lasting service was to show
The Church that still her martyr spirits glow.

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Translated from the German of E. Werner, with the Author's sanction,

BY MARY STUART SMITH.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued*).

The baron seemed to have just arrived; outside the portal his carriage was still standing, and he himself was talking with the police director, who was on the point of taking his leave. Raven's brow was darkly overshadowed; meanwhile it brightened up for the time being, as he caught sight of the counsellor. Interrupting his conversation, he asked, with evident interest:

"Is what Dr. Berndt tells me true, counsellor? Is young Dr. Brunnow entirely out of danger? After the earlier information we had, this gave me a complete surprise."

"I have not been less surprised than your excellency," affirmed the counsellor. "I would not believe it at first, but on the other side it was confirmed to me by Dr. Francke here, who is a friend of the sick man, and has just left him."

Raven turned to the person named, who stood sideways from him, and whom he had not hitherto observed, and upon whom now fell the full light of the great stair-candelabra. For some seconds the baron stood transfixed, as though rooted to the ground, and his eye pierced more and more deeply into the stranger's countenance. Then a sudden pallor overspread his features, and his lips were compressed, as though with the effort to hold back the exclamation which struggled for utterance.

Raven's discomposure lasted, indeed, for hardly one minute; in the very next he had regained a perfect mastery of himself, and a gesture of the police director reminded him, just in time, that he was observed. He quietly allowed the counsellor to finish his sentence, and then turned to his attendant:

"I would like to get a confirmation of this from you, sir," said he. "I had sent my own family physician to the patient, but he fell sick on the very first day of treatment, and so his assistant had to undertake it. The report which Dr. Berndt gave me this morning, meanwhile, was so confused that I would be glad to have it supplemented by yourself. Not in an intelligible manner though, here on the stairs; be pleased to step in with me for a few minutes."

Brunnow was less accustomed to suppress his feelings than the baron, and if in a certain measure he did succeed in controlling face and voice, he did not control his glance. His eyes fastened glowingly, with a mixture of hatred and grief, upon the speaker as he replied:

"Are you so much interested then for the young surgeon, your excellency?"

"Of course. I and the police director"—Raven laid a slight but perceptible emphasis upon the word, while he pointed at the last-named individual—"are both under obligations to him. You know, I suppose, the occasion of his being wounded; it befell him in the discharge of his surgical duties, as he was hurrying to the help of this gentleman's subordinates. You can well understand then why I should desire more exact information as to his state."

Brunnow understood his hint; he saw the sharp, cunning eyes of the police director, who was apparently listening quite aimlessly and quietly, but in reality was watching him and the baron fixedly, and comprehended the whole peril of his situation. In spite of this he hesitated for a moment and seemed to do battle with himself.

"I am at your service," said he briefly at last.

"Then be pleased to follow me." Raven turned with a few casual words of farewell to the other two gentlemen, and then, in company with the doctor, mounted the steps which led to his own abode.

"Who is that gentleman?" asked the police director, looking after the two as they withdrew.

"A very agreeable man," answered the counsellor, with important air. "A colleague of Dr. Brunnow, with whom indeed he must be closely connected, for he takes great interest in him."

"That indeed, a friend of Dr. Brunnow! I was under the impression that the young doctor had no intimate acquaintances in the place after Assessor Winterfeld left. Has this gentleman—Dr. Francke he calls himself, does he not—been often to see the sick man?"

"No, he appeared to-day for the first time, but will come again to-morrow. Besides, he thanked me with the greatest warmth for my self-denial, and hinted very tenderly and respectfully at the embarrassments which accrued to me from the—certainly—involuntary sojourn of this young demagogue in my house. He termed my action a deed of noblest self-denial. Actually a highly agreeable man, and at all events a clever physician. I saw that at the first glance; I have really an unerring sharp-sightedness in such things."

"I do not doubt it in the least," declared the police director, about whose lips played a smile, half mocking, half compassionate. This 'highly agreeable man' seems to have found as sudden favor with the governor as with yourself. It is not the baron's usual way to invite chance acquaintances into his own apartments without any ceremony. Perhaps he wished to withdraw Dr. Francke from my society."

"Why so?" asked the counsellor unsuspiciously. "His excellency only desires more exact information regarding Dr. Brunnow."

"Quite right, and he will get it in fullest measure. Good evening, counsellor. Do not go too far in your 'self-denial'! They might in the end expect too much of you."

With this piece of parting advice the police director took his leave, and the counsellor, who did not understand him at all, in dignified manner shook his head over those singular speeches and, with all his unerring sharp-sightedness, betook himself back to his own abode.

The governor and his companion had meanwhile reached the apartments occupied by the former. Raven impatiently motioned the servants to withdraw who came hurrying forward to do his bidding, briefly gave orders that he was on no account to be disturbed, and then, with Brunnow, stepped into his study.

Not a word had as yet dropped between them, and now too, when they were alone, a minute's silence prevailed, and it seemed as though each shrank from uttering the first word. For the first time since more than twenty years met these former friends. Then they had been young men, in whom all the

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re and enthusiasm of youth was glowing; ow they faced each other as men who had ieanwhile lived through half a generation. he one, still in full maturity of life and ianly vigor, with that tall commanding gure and proud bearing which spoke lainly enough that he was one accustomed o rule and be obeyed, his dark, full suit of air showing not a silver thread, his rigid ountenance not a single trace of old age; nd on the contrary that other—hardly ne year older, and yet to all appearance a ery gray-beard. The form was bent, the air gray, and in the countenance deep urrows, engraven therein by suffering and are. Only in the eye flashed something of he former fire, the last vestige of a long- ince vanished period.

"Rudolph!" said the Baron at last; his one was one of powerful feeling with diffi- ulty restrained, and it almost seemed as hough the speaker would approach his ormer friend, who, however, stepped back nd asked frigidly:

"What are your excellency's orders?"

Raven's brow darkened.

"What means this between us? Will you ot know me? I recognized you the first ioment by your eyes. They have remained he same, although much—all else—in you has hanged."

His glance slowly traversed Brunnow's ountenance. The latter smiled with infinite itterness.

"I have grown old before my time. In anishment, in daily conflict with the trials nd anxieties of life, one keeps his looks but oorly. Baron von Raven has stood that con- lict better. Indeed those cares and pitiful nxieties reach not up to the height on which ou stand, your excellency."

"I beseech you once more, Rudolph, to for- ake that tone!" said the baron seriously and ecidedly. "I know what lies between us, and o not seek for an agreement which is no onger possible. We have become opponents, ut it is a little revenge you take thus to ap- ly to me, with such scornful emphasis, a title o which I attach no more weight than you o. Whatever may be our relations to one nother, for you I am still Arno Raven—call ne as you always called me."

Brunnow made no reply, but moodily kept is eyes on the ground before him.

"I suspect what leads you here," continued Raven, "but that does not lessen the peril and oolhardiness of this step. You best know what threatens you so soon as the boundaries re overstepped—and your son is out of danger."

"Still, just yesterday, I believed him to be pon his deathbed. In that case my own ecurity was not to be considered. I must get o him at any price."

The baron had no answer for this declara- ion; he must indeed have said to himself that n a like case he could not have acted differ- ntly.

"You comprehend, of course, why I urged our attendance," resumed he. "Our meet- ng was not without witnesses. The police irector was watching us; indeed it seems to ne his suspicions are already aroused. The oint was to withdraw you from such an in- ipient suspicion, which was done effectually y a long interview with me."

"Certainly; for it is to be supposed that he Governor of R—— would forthwith hand ver any suspicious character to the police. was prepared for this when you recognized ne."

"Moderate yourself, Rudolph!" warned Raven in threatening tones, but the latter continued unchecked:

"And, indeed, I know not to what whim I owe my preservation. But to speak candidly, Arno, I longed to stand face to face once more with you in this life, else I would have delivered myself up on the spot to the catch- poll ere I had followed you."

Raven bit his lip.

"Since our separation you have so openly and recklessly acknowledged yourself as my enemy that I ought to have been prepared for such a proceeding. Let me remind you, though, that in the days of our youth I never did submit to insults, and in the course of years I have not grown more pliant. There- fore do not abuse your momentary situation, which excludes any satisfaction on your part, and allow me at least the possibility of hold- ing converse with you."

These words made little or no impression upon the physician, whose demeanor became, if possible, more hostile as he retorted:

"I see you have not unlearned the tone of a commander. I am acquainted with it from earlier days. Already at that time, everybody who opposed your will, finally yielded to that dictatorial tone. I was completely sub- ject to you, although I cannot be said, with truth, to belong to the class of slavish natures. But on you I hung with blind idolatry; I followed whithersoever you led, for you could only lead to what was best and highest—until one day my worshipped ideal crumbled away into dust and ashes. Try not to resume your old power. I bowed to you only so long as I believed in you. That time has long since passed; but you, with whom ambition has ever taken the place of heart, suspect not what I lost, together with that faith."

There followed a long, oppressive pause. Raven had turned away; at last he said:

"If you once loved me, you hate me for it now so much the more passionately."

"Yes!" was the short, energetic answer.

"I have proof of it," signified Raven. "Until a short time ago, I asked myself again and again whence one of my youngest and most submissive clerks could have derived the courage to hurl in my face, before all the world, the most unheard-of insults. I forgot that he had been in your school. Winter- feld was in your house; he is your son's friend and yours, and he has shown himself an apt scholar. In the blows he has dealt me, he betrayed the master under whom he sat."

"You are mistaken. George Winterfeld only shows his own force; certainly an ad- mirable force, which also excites my aston- ishment. I suspected nothing of his project, for he kept it a secret even from me, and his writing, which he sent me day before yester- day, was a surprise to me. I do not deny, however, but that every word in it came to me direct from his soul, and to a thousand others as well. Be on your guard, Arno. He is the first who has dared to withstand the all-powerful Baron von Raven; this is the first storm that threatens your unapproach- able height. Others will follow it, and they will beat upon the ground on which you stand until it totters and gives way, casting you down to a depth proportioned to the height where you have soared."

"Think you so?" asked the baron, con- temptuously. "You should know me better. I may fall, and, in my fall, crush myself and others; falling is not my affair, and we have not come to that yet. I know the inimical powers which your attack will unchain; they have long since waited for such an occasion; but they are not to enjoy the triumph of see- ing me retire from a place which I have kept so long, and will not voluntarily vacate. In sooth, men do not readily pardon such a ca- reer as I have carved out for myself."

"At a high price," said Brunnow, coldly. "You have paid for it with your honor."

"Rudolph!" exclaimed the baron, with frightful vehemence.

"With your honor; I repeat it. Must I remind you of the day when our connections were betrayed, our papers confiscated, we ourselves arrested and dragged off to prison? Must I tell you who was the traitor to whom we were indebted for all this, and who was only imprisoned with us as a mere matter of form? I and the rest were tried and met with con- demnation and a dungeon, whence I was freed later, only by a rash flight. *You* were set at liberty again, after a short incarcera- tion, without even having an accusation brought against you. Arno Raven came forth from the storm, which had cost his friends and confederates freedom and ex- istence, as the confidential secretary and future son-in-law of the minister, and began his brilliant career in the service of that cause to which he had sworn eternal hatred and resistance. There was an end put to all dreams of freedom and youthful enthusi- asm."

Every drop of blood had left the baron's face; his breast rose and fell as his breath came and went in short, quick gasps, and his hands were clinched convulsively.

"And if I were to tell you now that this so-called treason was only an inconsiderate act, an unhappy misunderstanding, which I have paid for dearly enough? If I were to tell you that you yourself, with your over- hasty sentence of condemnation, your insane mistrust, have driven me into the ranks of your enemies?"

"Then I would answer you that you have forfeited the right to be believed."

"Provoke me not, Rudolph!" burst forth Raven, who was hardly master of himself any longer. "You know that I would have stood that from no other man. I have given you my word, and you *will* believe me."

"No, Arno!" sounded Brunnow's voice in annihilating harshness. "Had you come to me then, when I sat in prison, and could not, would not, take it in that you must be the traitor, and spoken to me as now, your word would have been worth more to me than the testimony of the whole world—than proofs as clear as sunlight. The two decades which intervene have taught me something else. That Baron von Raven, whose name stands at the top of those enemies and persecutors of a cause to which he once dedicated his life; that Governor of R——, whose iron, despotic rule bade defiance to all law and justice, who a few days ago had the people fired upon in whose ranks he himself once stood—*him* I do not believe."

The man against whom all these annihilat- ing accusations were hurled stood there in moody silence, his glance fastened to the ground. There was still a mighty contortion of the features, but it was not to be unriddled whether it was shame, wrath, or pain which was at work there. At the last words, how- ever, he drew himself up suddenly to his full height, and from his eyes flashed again proud, unbending defiance as he replied:

"So, it is unnecessary to waste another word upon the subject. My declaration only concerned that catastrophe. You will not hear it: good, we are done with it. What happened afterwards was my own choice and determination. How I have been driven to it does not come under consideration here. I purpose to make no excuses; enough, it was my will; and I take the deed and all its consequences upon my own shoulders alone. Since the day when that chasm was opened between us, our paths have been so infinitely far asunder that we would now seek in vain to follow them even in thought. To an idealist like yourself what is the idea of power and ambition? Perhaps only the germ of a crime, for it is founded on the subjection of others. I was not made to fret away my life in exile and console myself for all those shattered hopes, those uselessly expended powers with the thought that I was remaining true to my ideal! Condemn me if you choose. Not even you do I acknowledge as my judge."

No reply followed. After the pause of a second Brunnow turned to go without having spoken a single word.

Raven stood in his way.

"What means this?" asked the surgeon.

"You have expressed it; we are done with one another, and any further word between us is superfluous. Let me go."

"Not yet: there is a question about your safety. Are you going to set off immediately?"

"I shall not set off till to-morrow; I have promised my son to see him once more."

"That is a perfectly unnecessary delay," said the baron. "You have convinced yourself that nothing is to be feared for your son, and there is no security for you until safe across the boundary line. At midnight the courier train starts. Stay so long here in my house and then drive in my carriage to the railroad station. Whatever may be suspected or guessed, nobody will dare to molest you."

"And what if it should be hereafter discovered that the governor himself aided the escape of one condemned for high treason?"

"That is my affair. I shall meet it on my own responsibility."

"I thank you," said Brunnow in cutting tone; "I shall stay till to-morrow and go to the station without allowing myself to be sheltered beneath the livery of the baronial house of Raven. You will comprehend that I prefer even a possible danger to *your* protection."

"Rudolph, listen to reason!" warned the baron. "That unhappy obstinacy may cost you your freedom."

"Why does that trouble you? We are enemies, and doubly so after this hour. We shall hardly meet again in life; but think of my words, Arno! Still you stand firm and secure upon your dizzy height; still you look down contemptuously upon the dangers which are threatening you. There is coming a day when everything will totter and crumble around you, when all will forsake you, and then"—here Brunnow's stooping form drew itself up too, until it looked full and imposing—"then you will perceive that there is some value in believing in one's ideal and one's self. This consciousness has sustained me up to the present hour. Once let your glittering edifice of ambition tumble into ruin and you have no longer any hold whatever. You have destroyed yourself. Farewell."

He went. Raven looked after him immovably and sadly.

"Destroyed myself!" he repeated in hollow tone. "He is right."

Chapter XVI.

Shall we Sow Thistle Seed and Reap Fair Grain?

It was quiet in the city. Those energetic measures had had their effect, although in their execution they had not been carried to the extent that had been promised at first. Colonel Wilten, who knew very well that in spite of all the governor's representation a part of the responsibility would be attached to himself, had given orders on that evening that at the first command the soldiers should fire, not upon the multitude, but into the air. He calculated upon the blind affright into which they would be thrown when they found that actual use would be made of firearms; and this calculation did not deceive him. The shots called forth boundless anguish and confusion, which was still further favored by the darkness supervening.

Nobody was cool and composed enough to convince himself exactly as to who had fallen. A wild tumult ensued, but not the dreaded resistance, and after a short, planless waving to and fro all was turned into a flight. The colonel had foreseen this and taken his measures accordingly, so that room could be made for the fugitives at the decisive moment. A body of soldiers succeeded without much difficulty in scattering the closely-packed multitude and driving it before them. Once parted it could not again be brought together, as all the main points were occupied. After some hours tranquillity was restored again, and it is true—thanks to the foresight and moderation of the commanding officer—without real bloodshed. To be sure, in the riot itself, hurts and wounds in plenty had been given, but still it had not come to regular battling, and at all events the interference of the military had done its work. The unquiet elements of the city were completely laid, the former excesses were not repeated, and during the following days peace was nowhere disturbed. They seemed to yield to force, and once again the governor had obtained the upper hand.

It was on the morning after that interview with Rudolph Brunnow that the baron entered his sister-in-law's room. That cold of the baroness's had been followed by yet more serious results; she was sick, or at least affirmed herself to be so, and had hardly left her bed since her return to the city. The baron sent across that morning to inquire after her condition; he himself had neither seen her nor Gabrielle during those last days when the young maiden had taken her mother's sickness as a pretext for declining to appear at table. Thus had been avoided a meeting between them since that stormy interview.

The baroness lay upon the sofa with a look of great suffering upon her face as the baron entered. He did not seem to observe Gabrielle, who was also in the room, but advanced immediately to her mother and asked how she did, in that indifferent tone with which one satisfies a mere form.

"Oh I have spent bad days," sighed the baroness. "I am very poorly, and the anguish and excitement of that horrible evening, when they made as though they would storm the castle, have made me perfectly sick."

"I had word conveyed to you that adequate provision had been made for the security of the castle," said Raven impatiently. "You would never have been the least in danger; all that angry demonstration was against myself alone."

"But the noise, the approach of the military, the shooting in the city," lamented the lady; "all that irritated my nerves frightfully. Would that I had yielded to Colonel Wilten's desire and remained some days longer at his country seat. To be sure, as matters now stand, I could not think of it. Gabrielle fairly tortured me with her disobedience and self-will. She declares in the most determined manner that she will never give her hand to young Baron Wilten, and threatens me with giving him a decided 'no' if I let it come to an open declaration."

Raven's glance scanned the young maiden, who sat there at some distance, pale and mute, resting her head in her hand; but even now he did not address his remarks to her.

"I am in the most inextricable embarrassment," continued the baroness. "I have given the colonel quite positive assurances, which I cannot possibly retract. He and his son will be beside themselves. Gabrielle declares that she has already spoken with you on the subject, Arno. Do you actually agree to that 'no'?"

"I?" asked the baron coldly. "I have renounced all influence over your daughter."

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" asked the baroness, starting up in horror. "Has Gabrielle been showing you some of her obstinacy? I should hope not"——

"Let us leave that," said the baron, cutting short her speech. "This affair with Wilten I must assuredly put a stop to, were it only on account of my own position with regard to the colonel. He would never forgive me if I were to expose his son to the mortification of being rejected where he calculated with certainty upon acceptance. As for the rest, you have no one to blame but yourself, Matilda. You will remember that, from the beginning, I held aloof from your plans. You should have made sure of your daughter's acquiescence ere you gave positive promises. At all events the affair must be brought to speech now. I go from here direct to Wilten, and shall take occasion, at our to-day's conference, to communicate Gabrielle's refusal to him. But now for the proper aim of my coming. You are suffering, are you not?"

"Yes indeed, suffering a great deal," whispered the baroness, as she sank back among her cushions, with a look of greatest languor.

"Then I would like to make a proposition to you. The physician talks of a nervous condition and recommends nothing but change of air, so much the more as the autumn, with us, is usually bleak and raw. Moreover, in the present state of affairs in the city, social life is not to be thought of for the next season. I therefore advise you to accept the invitation of your friend, the Countess Selteneck, of which you spoke to me recently, and go to the capital for a few weeks with your daughter."

Gabrielle, who had followed the conversation without taking part in it, trembled violently at these last words, and an involuntary exclamation escaped her lips:

"To the capital?"

"Yes," said Raven, turning to her for the first time. "That meets your wishes most assuredly."

The young maiden kept silence, but the inanimate features of the baroness suddenly lighted up.

"How? Would you have consented to at visit?" asked she. "I do not deny that short stay in the capital, and meeting once ore with my friends and acquaintances ere would be very desirable for me, but spect for your wishes; my duties as representative of your house"——

"Do not bind you at all in this case," interrupted the baron. "I repeat to you that here can be no talk of festivities under present circumstances. It cannot be affirmed with certainty that those disturbances will not be repeated, and I would not expose you a second time to the danger of so much distress and agitation. I implore you then to make a speedy preparations for departure as possible. By the time you return, all, I hope, will be settled."

"I submit, as ever, to your wishes," declared the baroness, but acquiescence this time was extraordinarily easy. "We shall be ready to depart in a little while, and I hope the diversion will be beneficial to Gabrielle too; she is now so pale and still, that I actually begin to fear for her health."

Raven did not seem to hear the last remark. He rose to leave.

"That is settled then. Whatever you may deem needful for the journey is at your disposal. But I must leave you now, Matilda; my carriage already waits."

Raven went.

Hardly had the door closed behind her when Madame von Harder exclaimed with great vivacity:

"Well, that is a rational idea of my brother-in-law's which has struck him at last! I was just dreading lest he should think we ought to stay in this tumultuous city, where nobody's life is safe, and you run the risk of being insulted by the mob every time you ride abroad. I am only surprised that Arno should trouble himself about my nerves and the doctor's prescriptions. He used to be very careless in such matters, don't you think so, Gabrielle?"

"I think that he wants us away at any price," replied Gabrielle, without turning around.

"Well, yes," said the baroness unconcernedly. "He perceives that R—— is no pleasant place of residence at present; especially for ladies. It was not without design, I confess, that I spoke to him of the countess's invitation. I hoped he would take it up at the time, but he preserved an obstinate silence, and so I did not venture to pursue the matter further. Now I long to see the capital again and renew my former associations there! This is nothing but a provincial place, in spite of all the airs of a great city which the town assumes. But now the very first thing we do must be to overlook our wardrobes. Come, my child! Let us consult together about it."

"Spare me that, mamma!" begged the young lady in a faint, depressed tone. "I have no taste for it now. Fix up as you please. Anything will suit me."

The baroness looked at her daughter with concealed astonishment; this indifference filled all of her ideas.

"No taste for it?" repeated she. "Gabriele, what has come over you? I noticed this change in you even while we were in the country; but during these last days I would gladly have recognized you. I am afraid something passed between you and your uncle on that ride back, which you are concealing from me. He is evidently angry with you; he hardly looked at you just now. When will you learn to treat him with the proper respect?"

"You heard it; he sends us away!" said Gabrielle with swelling bitterness. "He will be alone if any danger threatens him, if any misfortune overtakes him—quite alone."

"I do not understand you," protested her mother impatiently. "What should threaten your uncle? I thought he had put down with sufficient energy that attempt at insurrection; and, in case of the worst, the military are here to protect him."

Gabrielle remained silent. She had not thought of that danger; but in spite of her inexperience in such matters she felt that an attack like Winterfeld's could not pass by unnoticed, and felt a presentiment of the coming storm. She and her mother would indeed be sheltered from it. The baron could not have said to her more plainly that all was over between them than by sending her to the capital, where George now dwelt, and where a meeting might easily be contrived. All the harshness and violence with which Raven had opposed this connection had not pained the young girl so much as this giving up of his opposition. It showed her that he withdrew all protest, that he gave her full liberty, and she knew him too well not to know that the supposed traitress could never calculate upon forgiveness. Perhaps Gabrielle might have tried to convince him how unjustly he had suspected her, but his icy look had frightened her back. That look told her that he had lost all faith in her, and at this thought her pride and self-respect revolted. Was she for the second time to submit to having him refuse to listen to her defence, and to being thrust back herself, as had been the case already once before? Never, never!

The baroness was far enough from divining the current of her daughter's thought. It did not even occur to her, in this connection, that Assessor Winterfeld's home now was in the capital, and that he had been sent there expressly to hinder an approach. The lady had important affairs upon her mind at present, and since she found Gabrielle of no assistance whatever in arranging her toilette, she rang for her maid, with whom she was soon in the full tide of animated discussion. It was remarkable how much this journey did toward brightening up the baroness's spirits; her sickness and debility seemed suddenly to have vanished; she entered upon the needful preparations with a zeal and vivacity which already gave promise of the best results from this "change of air."

(To be continued.)

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

A Christmas Idyl, suggested by "A Christmas Fancy," in THE CHURCHMAN, *December*, 1877.

BY JULIA BRECKINRIDGE.

'Twas in a lofty church, to hear God's Word
A crowd assembled, although wild the night.
The morrow was the birthday of our Lord,
And aisle and chancel were ablaze with light;
The archways gleamed with texts from Writ Divine,
And all around rare wreaths of holly hung
In festoons, tasselled with the feathery pine;
While ever and anon sweet voices sung:
"Glory! Glory to the Lord on high; Peace,
Good-will on earth to men be ever given!
Glory! Honor!" Then there was surcease,
And silent prayer rose from each heart to heaven.
'Twas earnest adoration, yet the taint
Of earth and self did soil its incense rare;
And bosoms heaved, and souls grew sick and faint,
For answer to the ever-burdened prayer.
But in a far-off corner from the throng,
And draped in deepest black, a young girl knelt:
Her features bore the impress of the wrong,
The sin, the grief and shame she once had felt.
Now saved, as if by fire, she cried: "I come,
Dear Lord, to Thee, for others plead
Who, like myself, have wandered far from home!
Surely, Thou mercy hast for those who need.
O gentle Saviour, hear, yes, hear my cry!
This night, yes, even *this* night, let one soul
Be brought to Thee. Just one!" And tenderly
A tear upon her throbbing bosom stole.
"*One only*" (thus in prayer she strove)
"Bring home this night! Deserted and alone,
There is no help for such but in Thy love;
Then, Heavenly Father, save, oh, *save just one!*"

. . . . .

Up to the realms of everlasting light
Each wish, each sigh of every laboring soul,
With meteor swiftness sped in viewless flight,
As speeds a message now from pole to pole.
But in the crystal air of paradise
Those prayers were changed to flowers most rare and sweet;
Blossoms of every hue 'neath sunny skies
Fell in a garland at the Saviour's feet.
He viewed each offering at the throne of grace
With tender pity, not unblent with pain;
For every flower, though gorgeous, bore the trace
Of bruisèd petals, tinged with earth's dark stain.
Yet in ethereal realms, amid the swell
Of anthems 'round the dazzling throne of God,
Trembled one pure white lily—then it fell
Right in the pathway where the Saviour trod;
Right on the jasper-stones, it met His look,
Unsullied. And a light broke o'er His brow
As, bending low, the spotless flower He took,
With heavenly smile, and said: "'Tis answered now."
Just then, through darkened streets there crept
A wretched woman, in her mantle thin,
So lost, so lonely, that anon she wept,
To think that none would take the outcast in.
The wind blew fierce around her shivering form,
And knee-deep lay the snow about her path;
It seemed, alas! that even the winter's storm
Vindictive wreaked on her its midnight wrath.
"Oh, for a deadly draught my heart to still!"
She cried; "Oh, for a stone," she said,
"Whereon, when I at last have drunk my fill,
In death I might lay down this aching head!
It matters not where I may die, poor wretch;
Here will I lie until the storm is o'er,
Here, on these stones, my stiffened limbs I'll stretch!"
Just then an angel ope'd the great church-door.
Just then a strain so heavenly burst without,
She listened, rose, and to the portal went;
Into the aisle, all trembling and in doubt,
'Mid fear and hope, her feeble steps she bent.
It chanced to be the same grand church where knelt
The young girl who had poured her heart in prayer,
Which wafted far above, where angels dwelt,
Turned to a lily in celestial air.
The deep-toned organ pealed its last rich note,
And words more precious than the gems of Inde
Came from the man of God. The outcast smote
Her breast, and kneeling, cried out—"I have sinned!"

. . . . .

One storm-tossed spirit gathered to the fold,
Was saved, the angels knew; and every voice
Joined in the anthem, till at length it rolled
In waves of music; and the word "Rejoice!"
Was echoed round the great white throne, and grew
In grander chorus, and in cadence rare;
While through the star-gemmed atmosphere, like dew,
Something unseen descended—something unseen, but felt;
The darkness vanished, clouds of doubt were riven.
E'en on that night the outcast, as she knelt,
Knew that her pardon had been won in heaven

CHIPS FOR CHRISTMAS FIRES.

BY JULIET C. MARSH.

Everybody knows that Christmas is the general story-telling season; when the wind whistles in the leafless trees, and the snow is drifting down the street, and the children rush in from play with fingers and noses tingling from the touch of Jack Frost.

All the little girls and boys who have good old-fashioned grandmothers know just where to go for a supply of Christmas stories; over into the warm corner by the fire, where a sweet-faced lady sits knitting, with the fire glow on her silver hair. But lest the grandmas should be dismayed at the task before them—of telling stories enough to please the thousands and thousands of children who will crowd at their knees when the Christmas fires are blazing—we modestly offer to assist at this general story-telling, and relate something of the various customs, legends, and merriment of Christmas time.

Perhaps the most widely observed custom of our modern Christmas is that of the Christmas tree; yet, strange as it may seem to the little folks, these wonderful trees were hardly known in grandma's time, and it is only within the last thirty-five years, or since the marriage of Queen Victoria, that the custom has been practised in England. It is a very ancient observance in Germany, and in fact the tree had its origin in that country.

Christmas-eve, in Germany, is for the children the jolliest night of the three hundred and sixty-five; for in no family is the tree, so dear to the hearts of all youth, neglected. It is always placed in the principal room of the house, and the children are assembled in an adjoining room; at a certain signal the doors are thrown open, and in rush the happy throng to receive their gifts.

In all the towns and villages throughout the north of Germany it is the custom for the parents to send all the presents which they have prepared to some person who personates the Knecht Rupert (or Santa Claus). On Christmas-eve he goes around to every house saying: "The Lord Christ my Master sent me hither!" He is dressed in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flaxen wig. The parents and children receive him with great honor; the little ones always being dreadfully scared at this wonderful person. He inquires after all the children with much solemnity, and, accordingly, as they have been good or bad since his last visit, he distributes his presents. Should any of them chance to have been very naughty, he presents the parents with a rod, and sternly requests them to use it against his next coming.

In Devonshire, England, on Christmas-eve all the farmers go out, with bowls of cider, and make offerings at the foot of the fruit-trees in the orchards in order to make them bear plentifully in the coming year. This is termed wassailing, and with the following song they make their offering:

> "Wassaile the trees, that they may bear
> Us many a plumb and many a pear;
> For more or less fruit they will bring
> As we do give them wassailing."

In Norway offerings of little cakes are made to the spirits of the water through holes picked in the ice. In the market-place of Caln the children go about with cow-bells in their hands in honor of the manger of Bethlehem. In other places three boys dressed in white, with girdles of leather and crowns of colored paper, personate the Three Kings or Wise Men of the East. There is a very beautiful custom practised at the Foundling Hospital of Lyons; the first child brought to its gates on Christmas-eve is received with especial honor, laid in a beautiful cradle, and covered with the softest clothes. It is called the Christmas child.

Two popular observances of Christmas are especially derived from the nations of the North—the hanging of the mistletoe, and the burning of the yule-log. The following is the legend of the mistletoe:

In the mythology of Scandinavia, Balder was the son of Odin and Frigga, and the noblest and best beloved of all the gods. One night Balder had a very mysterious dream, which revealed to him that his life was in danger. Frigga, his mother, when hearing it, called an assembly of the gods to consult what should be done, for they knew that the death of Balder was to be the forerunner of their own downfall, and the first victory of their enemies — the giants. After a long consultation Frigga summoned everything in nature—fire, air, earth, and water, as well as animals and plants—and obtained from them a promise that they would do her son no harm. This done, all the gods assembled together to amuse themselves by throwing darts at Balder, whose life was supposed to be charmed. Loke, his enemy, filled with jealousy, determined to discover the secret of Balder's safety, and disguising himself as an old woman, he went to Frigga filled with the praises of her son's valor. The goddess explained that no substance could harm him, as all things of earth were bound by a solemn oath. She however added that there was one plant which, from its insignificance, she had neglected to exact any pledge from. Loke inquired the name of the plant, and was told that it was a feeble little shoot growing upon the bark of the oak —the mistletoe. Loke then hastened away, procured a branch of misletoe, and had it fashioned into a dart.

Entering the hall of the gods he said to the blind Heder, "Why do you not contend with the arrows of Balder?" The god replied, "I am blind and have no weapon." Loke then gave him the arrow, saying, "Balder is before thee!" Heder shot, and Balder, pierced through the breast, fell to the ground.

The growth of the mistletoe upon the oak is now of very rare occurrence; but in the orchards of the west and middle countries the plant flourishes in great luxuriance on the apple-trees. Large quantities are cut at the Christmas season, and sent to the cities, where it is used for decorating the houses and shops.

The burning of the yule-log is a very old observance, which likewise came to us from our Northern ancestors who, at their feast of Juul, used to light huge fires in honor of their god Thor. It is a custom now passed almost entirely out of use, except in the villages and towns of England and Germany. The bringing in and placing of this log was attended with much merriment. It was drawn from its place in the forest by a company selected for the purpose. Each wayfarer raised his hat as it passed, for he knew the joy that would be in the great hall or kitchen when the flames leaped about the huge block.

It was regarded a sign of bad luck if a squinting person entered the room while the log was burning. Each member of the family sat down upon the block in turn, sang a yule song, and drank to a merry Christmas and a happy New Year; after which they ate yule cakes, bearing the figure of the Infant Jesus. Sometimes they were made in the shape of a little image, studded with currants, and the bakers gave them as presents to their customers. Accompanying the yule-log was a candle of enormous size, which was used to light the hall and its festivities. In the pantry of St. John's College, Oxford, is an old candle-socket of stone, ornamented with a figure of the Holy Lamb. It was once used for holding the Christmas candle, and was set upon the high table at supper.

In Devonshire, England, the yule-log takes the form of a fagot, and is composed of a bundle of ash sticks, bound together by wisps of the same tree, and these wisps it is said must be nine in number. The rods are cut a few days before Christmas, and on Christmas-eve the farmers go out and bind them together. The fagot is then drawn by horses to the farm-house, and with great rejoicing placed upon the spacious hearth in the old-fashioned kitchen. Now is the beginning of fun and merriment; servants and masters meet as equals. Cakes and hot cider seasoned with spices are plentifully provided, and for every crack which the bands about the fagots make in bursting, the hostess must supply another plate of the Christmas cakes.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY FRANCES A. M. JOHNSON.

I.

Twas a wonderful night, when the stars looked down
On the city of David, sleeping;
And an angel of light to the shepherds appeared,
On the hill-side their patient watch keeping
Over their tender white flocks.

II.

'Twas a wonderful night, when the pure Nazarene,
On her faithful companion leaning,
Sought the inn's sheltering roof; but alas, found no room!
Barred fast is its door, no one dreaming
Who 'tis that stands there and knocks.

III.

'Twas a wonderful Babe whose bright eyes unclosed
In the stable so dark and so chilly;
'Tis the Mighty God, 'tis the young Prince of Peace,
It is "Sharon's Sweet Rose," and "The Lily,"
That Mary in ecstasy rocks.

IV.

'Twas a wonderful star that, like pillar of fire,
Led the sages from far inquiring
For the wonderful Child, who was born that night,
Whom all nations were long desiring,
Kings to whose rising should come.

V.

'Tis no wonder the rushing of wings was heard,
That heaven's door, on its hinges turning,
Let escape from the throne an effulgence of light
And a chorus of angels, all burning
In splendor outshining the sun.

VI.

'Tis no wonder they sang in entrancing strains:
"To our God in the Highest be glory,
And on earth shall be peace and good-will to men!"
O ye Christians, repeat the glad story,
Nor cease till His kingdom shall come!

Jackson, Michigan.

Charity does not consist in flattery or in imitation; but rather in holding fast that which is good, and in speaking the truth in love.

"GIFTS OF HEALINGS—HELPS."

I. Cor. xii. 28.

Thoughts Suggested by a Sermon.

BY M. K. A. S.

It was but yesterday that faith was strong
To right my own, or heal a brother's wrong.
Praise in my heart, and on my lips a song!
And now—all nerveless hangs my arm again,
Life's minor psalm is all a-tune to pain,
And breaking, falters in its troubled strain.

How can I give to-day, of help or cheer,
Unto my brother, out of faith's scant store?
How, while these tired feet are stumbling sore,
And shadows darkening round my noon-day hour,
Say hopefully: "God speed you, O my friend!"
Or speak of Him, whose love is to the end?

Lord Jesus, Morning Star, do Thou illume
The roadway, step by step, dispelling gloom,
So I may walk within the halo calm
That radiates from Thee—a shield from harm.
Then, round my lifted brow, in lesser light,
Thy peace outshining, shall make glad the night.

I need the chastening of Thy patient rule;
Oh, be Thy presence-chamber, Lord, my school!
Then wing Thy angel down, to stir the pool,
And make my life "Bethesda," as of old,
"The House of Mercy," full of heavenly "helps,"
And rich in "gifts of healing," without gold.

Touch Thou my pain with love's divining rod,
Held by the promise of a faithful God;
And whoso then shall step, in sorrow's guise,
Into the healing waters down, may rise
To bear life's burdens with new zeal for Thee,
Through closer bonds of human sympathy.

Thus, though I may not "speak with tongues," dear Lord,
Or at the church's portal claim reward,
Yet on Thy roll of service, by Thy grace,
My name at least may find its lowly place
Among the "helps," as "faithful over few,"
For Christ's dear sake, to the "one talent" true.

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS.

BY THE REV. A. Z. GRAY.

Christmas has been always a legendary season—alternately dark or bright as the fears and hopes of the ignorant have given it coloring.

The spiritual significance and importance of the Church's great festival have been often sadly lost sight of in these superstitious ideas and observances. Unfortunately, the Church herself in her darker ages gave much encouragement to this gross materializing of her truth.

Let us take, *e. g.*, two or three of the gloomiest of these legends.

Once upon a time, in the cemetery of a humble village, a company of men and women were singing and dancing while the midnight mass was being celebrated, whereupon they were at once, and very properly, excommunicated. Their pleasure immediately became their punishment, and they found they could not stop their unseemly revelry. They continued singing and dancing for a whole year without a moment's cesssation, until finally a kindly bishop, passing by, released them from the excommunication.

As the old story goes on to say, some of them died in consequence; others slept thirty nights without once awaking; and the remainder, as was most natural indeed, never recovered from the nervous effects of the infliction.

There is another old popular belief that the animals possess the privilege of speech during Christmas night.

The ox, as veritable descendant of the honored beasts in Bethlehem's stable, is said to have the power of predicting future events, and even of relating the incidents omitted by the sacred narrative of that ever-memorable night. He is also proud of having been chosen as the emblem of St. Luke.

The lamb thinks of St. John, and recalls his sweet association with the Divine Infant.

The cock tells again the denial of St. Peter, as he sounds his early morning call.

The ass talks longest, perhaps, for he has to relate all about the flight into Egypt. He heard the voices of St. Joseph, the Blessed Virgin, and the Holy Child. He remembers how, in crossing the great desert, they became very thirsty. No oasis appeared to cheer and refresh them. Finally they met a caravan, which refused them the little water they needed. For this it was accursed, and ever since this unholy caravan is wandering about without home or harbor.

It happened (legendarily, of course) once that a peasant farmer, more curious and braver than his neighbors, thought he would find out what the cattle were really saying. So one dark Christmas night he armed himself with his axe and hid himself in the stable. It was a windy, wretched night, and his spirits certainly were not raised by the creaking noises around him, and the howling of the dogs outside.

At last midnight sounded, and all the village bells began to peal out merrily. Pity indeed that our inquisitive friend had not stayed at home and been content with that. Suddenly he hears a peculiar voice near him, and redoubling his attention, finds it is one ox addressing the other.

"Friend," said the animal, "what shall we do to-morrow?"

"We will bear our master to his grave," replied his mate.

Overcome and indignant, the peasant raised his axe to chastise his plain-spoken beast, crying out, "Thou hast lied!"

But as he cried and struck, the instrument cleft his own brow, and the oxen *did* bear their master on the morrow to his long home.

So ingrained is this traditional belief—as regards the prophetic power of the cattle during the sacred night—that it is a common thing still in Brittany for the farmers to give them an extra allowance of provender. It must be an uncomfortable experience to have a beast able for a while to relate all his unhappiness of the past year, and to predict all manner of punishment upon his unmerciful master.

Other traditions, more or less pleasantly suggestive, abound among the humbler classes of Europe.

There is one venerable saint before whose image stands a little pig, on which the faithful rub some grain to cure their own sick porkers, and the pilgrims to this same chapel have bread blessed for their cattle.

In one locality the good woman must put her bread into the oven at a certain moment during the midnight service, which bread she afterward sells at a good price to the farmers, that it may preserve their flocks and herds from the bites of wolves.

There is a beautiful custom in Picardy. A shepherd appears in the church bearing a new-born lamb in a beautiful basket, which he presents to be blessed by the officiating priest. Behind him come a band of youthful shepherds and shepherdesses, crook in hand, and laden with flowers and fruits. Then maidens clad in white carry the lamb about the church, singing old Christmas hymns, and the innocent animal itself is afterward considered as the protector of the flock. Happy the farm to which it belongs, where indeed it is always cared for most tenderly; and dark are the stories told concerning the avaricious owner who has dared to part with it for filthy lucre.

There are many other pleasant customs still to be found in those old French provinces, adding their poetry as well to our literature as to the simple lives that hold them, as, for instance again, where the young people make Christmas the time of their love-choice and betrothment; and woe to the mortal who ever proves untrue to such sweet-timed engagement!

Yes, it is a time above all others to teach a true and holy fidelity; and with another old Provençal legend of the sort let us close our *noël* talk:

There is a tradition, dating from the period of the Crusades, respecting a wild rose-bush that had been seen near the spot in Bethlehem of our Lord's nativity. Marvellous tales were told by returning pilgrims concerning it, to wit, that its roses bloomed perennially, and that its thorns never stung, etc., etc. It was called the Rose of Jericho, and preserved as a precious relic in the churches.

When this flower was placed in a vase of holy water during Christmas-night service, it slowly opened its petals and revived into a beauty and fragrance strangely sweet, and then it returned to its faded condition. The water used in this mysterious operation was good to heal the sick.

The first of these roses, again, is said to have been formed from a drop of the Saviour's blood, and its seed to have been carried by the wind to the borders of Jericho, where it took its name. (In some old chronicles it was also called the passion-flower.)

It was regarded as of wonderful virtue in those myth-breathing middle ages. Its presence warded off the pestilence and served to unmask hypocrisy and falsehood. Should a villain, indeed, invoke its testimony in his own behalf, instead of renewing itself, it would, on the contrary, shrink still more, as if in horror of his crime.

And so it came to pass (in our old story) that in her strong but secluded castle had been living in widowed loneliness for many a weary year one of the fairest dames in all the fair province. Her husband had gone to distant Palestine to fight the battles of the Cross, and Dame Alice, in all those fifteen years of absence, had heard never a word about him. What could have been more sad than such a waiting?

One morning came a pilgrim over the drawbridge to my lady's presence, and said to her:

"Alice, my beautiful Alice, dost thou not know thy long-lost husband, who has just escaped from dire captivity?"

Now Dame Alice had loved her husband most truly, and longed for his return most lovingly; but in the wretched being before her—old, ugly, and ragged—her heart most certainly failed to recognize its lord. At least must he produce some unmistakable proof of his daring assertion.

In no way disconcerted the stranger drew from beneath his robe a rose of Jericho and cried:

"In the name of God the Father, and of our Lord, and the saints, let this withered rose of Jericho bear witness to my claim by blooming

again, like Moses's rod of old. If it should fail, let me be driven from this house as a vile impostor!"

The fair *châtelaine*, overcome with fear at this bold declaration, knew hardly what to do, and could only find courage to defer the test until the morrow, in the presence of competent witnesses.

And in the meantime she sought counsel from a noble knight of the neighborhood, whose heart was not a little interested in the result.

He at once set out to consult an old hermit of his acquaintance, once himself a Crusader, who simply said:

"Leave the knave to me, and have no fear of the result."

The next day came, and with it, in the castle court, a gallant company of knights and vassals, summoned by sound of trump, to see decided this most momentous question of love and loyalty; and all most curious, indeed, to see performed again the prophet's miracle before Egyptian Pharaoh.

The pilgrim pretender duly appeared, drew out his rose, related its virtues, called it to attest his truth and honor, and threw it into a fountain of the court, where, verily, it did revive and bloom amid the astonished exclamations of the assembled spectators.

Alas, for poor Dame Alice! what now to do but loyally to yield her hand to him, who excited nothing but loathing in her soul.

But in this moment of terrible suspense a voice resounded clear and calm about the tumultuous crowd, bidding them all to wait. It was the ancient hermit who appeared.

"Begone, wretched impostor," cried he, "and you, fair noble lady, have no fear! 'Tis but a trick of Satan; this flower is only of his witchery, that hath been used to betray you. Behold, indeed, within my hand a veritable rose of Jericho, given to me in my cell by good Peter the Hermit himself. Upon it I do swear before you all this beggar is but a villain, an impostor, and a renegade. And may this rose of Jericho, blessed by his hand, who led our Christian armies to rescue from the infidel the sepulchre of Christ, remain forever withered if I lie!"

He spoke, and cast the rose into the same fountain, and, behold, at once it bloomed more beautiful even than the other!

The false baron turned and fled, pursued by a volley of stones and curses. And the fair lady, delivered from such horror, bent low to receive the hermit's benediction.

I wish I could add to my gentle legend that her true husband soon returned to delight her faithful heart, but even legends have their limits, and this one tells us no more.

"BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

BY A. G. COWAN.

My Saviour stands without. Have I not heard
His low light knocking at my humble door?
Why is it shut? Oh, enter quickly in
And with Thy glory light my cottage poor.
Oh, have my ears been deaf to Thy low call?
Hath pleasure lured me, Father, far from Thee?
Is this wild changing fleeting world my *all*,
Absorbed in self, no higher can I see?
The wind and rain beat on Thee. Dost Thou lean
Thy weary form against the close shut door?
I throw it open wide, Thou shalt not stand,
But enter in to dwell *forevermore*.
I have not closed *my heart*, Thou blessed Guest,
Come with Thy healing, bring me peace and rest.

California.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY A. DE W.

Oh, list to the voice of the Paraclete,
So gentle and soft and low;
Gentle and low and tender and sweet,
It finds its way to the hidden retreat
Of the soul oppressed with woe;
And anon it comes from the mercy-seat
In tones as loud as the surging beat
Of the strongest winds that blow.

O, Spirit, come, with Thy love divine
To this sad and desolate shore;
Give me to eat of the bread and wine—
Bread broken for this poor soul of mine;
Wine that flows from the living Vine;
Food which maketh the face to shine,
And I never shall hunger more.

O Paraclete, bear me on wings of peace
Away from this dread turmoil;
All of the springs of earth decrease,
All that belongs to earth must cease,
And my soul longs for a glad release
From sin and pain and toil.
The midnight hour is drawing nigh,
Oh, fill my lamp with a full supply
Of the Saviour's wedding oil!

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

ST. LUKE II. 7–14.

In verse 7 it is told that Mary brought forth her "first-born Son." This does not necessarily imply that she had other children. Christ is elsewhere spoken of (Heb. i. 6) as the first-born Son of the Father, which certainly does not mean that God the Father had any other Son who was such in the same sense that our Lord was. The words "first-born" merely mean that there was no other child preceding Jesus. If Mary had died immediately after the Lord's birth, He would still have been her first-born Son. She wrapped Him in swaddling clothes. That was the usage in the East for new-born infants. This is probably mentioned as her own act, both to show the poverty of our Lord's coming into the world, and also that as the birth of the Lord was miraculous, so His mother was preserved from the ordinary pains and weakness of maternity. She is able to attend upon her Child herself. She "laid Him in a manger," "because there was no room in the inn." The inn was probably a caravansary, that is, simply a building in which travellers and their animals were both accommodated. Each guest was obliged to bring his own provisions and furniture. The upper stories of those Eastern inns were for the use of travellers; the lower were a stable for the beasts. Sometimes the caravansaries are built around a hollow square, into which all the rooms, which are little more than sheds, open. The beasts are tethered in this square; their owners occupy the sheds. The number of strangers then in Bethlehem doubtless compelled Joseph and Mary to use the poorer accommodation, which was not so greatly inferior to the best. It has been held by some that the manger was in a grotto of the natural rock, such as are used to this day as stables for cattle, and the word "manger" is here to be rendered "stable." In any view it is clear that the poorest accommodation was that which fell to the lot of our Lord.

In verse 8 it is told that "there were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." This has been used as a proof that we have not the true date of the nativity, because the ordinary season of pasturage terminates a month earlier, on the 17th of November. But it has been shown that it is not impossible for a mild season to allow the shepherds to remain abroad as late as the received date of the Lord's birth. It is to be noted that Scripture itself does not fix the date, and that it is permissible for one to hold a different opinion; but on the whole the weight of evidence is in favor of the time adopted by the Church.

In verse 9 it says, "And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them." That signifies "stood suddenly before them," "appeared to them." "And the glory of the Lord shone round about them." It is to be noted here that the word "the Lord" is used here as unmistakably meaning "Jehovah." This is to prepare the way for what immediately follows. The angel was doubtless Gabriel, who had before been employed on the Divine errand relating to the Incarnation. It is to shepherds that the angel of God appears, since they are types of the Good Shepherd, as their flocks are of the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." That they are watching by night is also a type of the blessedness of those whom, when He comes again, their Lord shall find watching. It is told that "they were sore afraid," showing that they clearly understood that it was a Divine appearing.

Verse 10 contains the speech of the angel. He begins, "Fear not." It is the same address which he made to Zacharias and to Mary, and is a strong indication that the one who speaks is the same in all three cases. The words which follow may be rendered, "I bring you a gospel of great joy," "which shall be to all people." This last shows that the redemption in Christ is offered to all, and is not a limited one.

In verse 11 the angel proclaims that which is the gospel of joy, the "glad tidings," viz., that in the city of David was born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. Bethlehem was then and always known as the city of David, that is, the city of his birth, and from which he was called to be king over Israel. It is to be noted that this word, "a Saviour," is never used by St. Matthew or St. Mark, and only once by St. John (iv. 42). On the other hand, St. Matthew very pointedly refers to the meaning of the name Jesus (St. Matt. i. 21), "For He shall save His people from their sins." This in St. Luke, whose Gospel is distinctively the priestly Gospel, as St. Matthew's is the prophetic and St. Mark's the regal Gospel, is the mark of the principle which runs through the whole.

Here the same title is given as has just before been used for Jehovah, "who is Christ the Lord." This claims for the Child of Bethlehem that He is both the Messiah of promise and co-equal with the God of Israel. Here is the witness of angels to our Lord's Divinity.

Verse 12 tells the shepherds how they may know that they have found the right infant. "This shall be a sign unto you." This verse shows that the angelic vision was on the very night of the nativity, probably at the hour of the Lord's birth. Lest there should be any doubt remaining, the shepherds are permitted yet a more glorious vision—to see and to hear the joy of heaven over the event. "There was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host," that is, of the fellow angels of the one who had appeared, "praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on

earth peace, good will to men." The ascription is here threefold. There is, first, "Glory to God in the highest." This is praise and worship to the Eternal Father. There is "peace on earth," for the Son, the Reconciler and Restorer, has come. There is good will to men; for thus the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier, the highest gift of good will, as well as the Worker of good will among men, the source of all good will, is made possible as the visitor and ruler of mankind. The Father is the God of supremest glory, the Son is the Prince of Peace, the Holy Spirit is the Lord of good will.

It may be said that this is not explicitly set forth in this song of the angels, but it is very evident that the Church has so received it by enlarging these words into the hymn *Gloria in Excelsis*, in which all the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity are directly worshipped. It is not on separated texts alone that the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity is based, but it is to be found making part of all Scripture, and no other doctrine concerning God can be found so universally harmonizing with so many and widely separated passages. There is another reading which would make the last clause "peace on earth, to men of good will," but this version would destroy the triple parallelism above given, and would also limit the sense in contradiction to what has just gone before, "Great joy *which* shall be to *all* people."

HIS WILL BE DONE.

To L. N. T.

BY WILLIAM HIGGS.

His will be done: thou canst not pause or shrink,
But humbly place thy neck beneath His feet;
Perchance the cup He giveth thee to drink
May yet be sweet.

His will be done: thou canst not choose, but bear
The cross His wisdom to thy weakness gave;
Perchance its weight may vanish into air
If thou be brave.

His will be done: the way seems dark and drear,
But thou must keep it till the end shall come;
Perchance e'en now bright angels linger near
To bear thee home.

His will be done: it is the last sad strife,
But thou must wrestle till the foe shall flee—
Till heaven's own measure of eternal life
Contenteth thee.

*SHORT SAYINGS ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.**

Christ thought it expedient to go away from the earth, but He left not Himself without witness on the earth.—St. John xvi. 7.

His witness is the Holy Ghost; who mediates between Him and us; who receives of His, and shows it unto us.—St. John xvi. 14.

The Holy Ghost bears witness of Christ by three means: by the Scriptures, by the Church, and by the conscience.

When these three agree as to any point of faith or duty, we are sure that we have the testimony of the Holy Spirit.

When the Church and the Scriptures agree, we have the testimony of the Spirit, whether our conscience make us sure of it or not.

When the conscience speaks against that as to which the Church and the Scriptures agree, it does not bear the witness of the Spirit.

If the Church and the Scriptures disagree, you must follow the Scriptures; but remember that the Church may be presumed to be a better judge than you of what Scripture is and what Scripture means.

The voice of the Holy Ghost in the conscience must be obeyed; but God will judge you if you substitute for that voice your own selfish will, based only upon a proud and shallow individual judgment.

"Be not wise in your own conceits."

In matters of faith the Church should require as a condition of salvation only what is contained in the Scriptures or may be proved thereby.

Such a requirement furnishes a rule by which your conscience is obliged to determine your duty.

You should not say you cannot believe a doctrine which is thus witnessed to you.

You may say you do not understand it; but if you say you cannot believe it, you confess that your judgment weighs more with you than the testimony of the Spirit.

If you cannot understand it, you can take it as true upon testimony; just as you do many facts of which you have no knowledge.

If the Church and the Scriptures agree, and your judgment dissents, the balance of the evidence is against you.

If the Church teach one doctrine and *you think* the Scriptures teach another, the question is as to the meaning of the Scripture.

If your judgment as to this be opposed to the judgment of the Church of the age or place in which you live, it is possible that you may be right and the Church wrong; but it is highly improbable.

This difference is to be determined by the *testimony* of the Church.

If the judgment of the Church, of any age or place, coincide with the testimony of the Church, as to the faith received in the beginning, its judgment is not to be opposed.

The witness of the Spirit by the Church is the same as the witness of the Spirit by the Scriptures: and no private interpretation of the Scriptures is of any value against the testimony of the Church.

If the Church in any age or place determine doctrine without regard to this testimony, the judgment is not of equal value with the testimony.

Some doctrines that are held among those who profess themselves Christians are the result of the exercise of private or individual judgment as to the teaching of the Scriptures, contrary *to the testimony* of the Church from the beginning.

The doctrine that Jesus Christ was mere man and not the Son of God who took to Himself the human nature, depends only upon such a judgment, and is opposed *to the testimony* of the Church contained in the Creeds.

The doctrine is not merely the result of a difference between the judgment of individuals and the judgment of the Church at any time; but of a difference between the judgment of individuals and the testimony of the Church as to the history of the faith once given to the saints: viz., that it was always handed down contrary to that doctrine.

In like manner, the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Independent doctrines about the ministry are based upon individual judgments as to the meaning of certain passages of Holy Scripture.

These doctrines are to be rejected not merely because such judgments oppose the judgment of those parts of the Church which maintain the necessity of episcopal ordination, but because they are opposed *to the testimony* of the Church universal for the first 1500 years of its existence.

The same rule determines the truth, where the doctrine is not merely the judgment of individuals, but the judgment of the Church in any age or place.

* From the Rev. Dr. Seabury's Manual for Choristers.

LULLABY.

BY G. W.

Lullaby, baby, now take thy rest,
Folded so warmly close to my breast,
Think naught of trouble, think naught of woe,
Nothing shall harm thee; no, baby, no.
Lullaby.

Lullaby, baby, shut tight thine eyes,
May beaut ful visions before thee arise;
Angels shall guard thee while thou dost sleep
And ever above thee close watch they will keep.
Lullaby.

Lullaby, baby, cheeks all so red,
God send His blessings on thy little head;
Poor little feet and hands, tired with play,
Trotting and working this long summer day.
Lullaby.

What should I do with no baby to be
Comfort, and solace, and joy unto me?
Banished is sorrow, the tear, and the sigh,
When mother is singing the soft lullaby.
Lullaby.

Boston, Mass.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY F.

Upon a bleak hill-side,
One dreary winter's night,
When earth was wrapped in gloom,
And stars gave little light,
Some simple shepherds rested on the ground,
Their peaceful flocks slept quietly around.

Sudden a dazzling blaze
Of glory fills the sky,
And swift an angel bright
Comes down from God on high.
The shepherds tremble; but to calm their fears,
This gracious message greets their wondering ears:

"The Saviour now is born,
In Bethlehem town He lies;
He comes to save mankind,
And lead them to the skies."
The shepherds listen, while their souls do glow,
That God such love to sinful men should show.

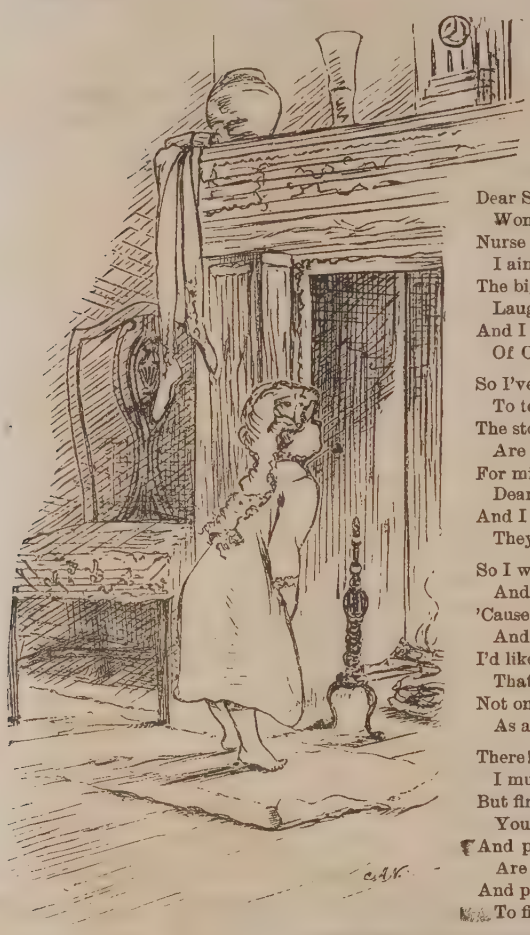
"He comes in low estate;
Beneath a humble shed,
Within a manger poor,
He lays His sacred head."
The shepherds marvel that to such rude home
The King of kings and Lord of worlds should come.

And now the angelic host
The whole horizon fill;
"Glory to God," they sing,
"Peace, and to men good-will!"
The shepherds with great gladness hear the song,
And gaze with rapture on the seraph throng.

The heavenly chorus swells,
And then it dies away;
The gentle angels fade,
And night re-umes her sway.
The joyful shepherds rise with one accord;
"Come, let us go," they say, "and seek the Lord."

O'er rough and toilsome road
Their way they onward keep;
Yet no fatigue they know,
Nor stop for food or sleep.
Such power upon them has that angel strain
That from the blessed quest they cannot now refrain.

Soon in the lowly shed,
Upon His mother's knee,
With oxen feeding round,
The holy Child they see.
And now they cast themselves before His feet,
And worship Him, and sing their carols sweet.



THE SECRET WITH SANTA CLAUS.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Dear Santa Claus, up in the chimney,
Wont you please listen to me?
Nurse put me to bed *so* early;
I aint a bit sleepy, you see.
The big folks are down in the parlor,
Laughing and making a noise,
And I cannot sleep just for thinking
Of Christmas and all the new toys.

So I've got out of bed, just a minute,
To tell you—I'll whisper it low—
The stockings I've hung by the fire
Are for me—not mamma, you know.
For mine are so awfully little,
Dear Santa Claus, don't you see?
And I want, oh! so many playthings,
They wont hold enough for me.

So I want you to surely remember,
And fill these as full as you can;
'Cause I haven't been very naughty,
And—you're such a nice kind man!
I'd like a live doll, if you please, sir,
That can talk, and call me "mamma";
Not one that is full of old sawdust,
As all my other dolls are.

There! now I am through with my secret,
I must scramble back into bed;
But first, Mr. Santa Claus, promise
You wont tell a word I have said.
And please don't forget the big stockings
Are not for mamma, but for me;
And please, sir, you'll try and remember
To fill them as full as can be!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY THE REV. E. B. RUSSELL.

Midnight to morning was passing on,
Stars shone bright in the sky,
When in the manger they laid the Child,
Son of God Most High.

Shepherds, still in the lonely field,
Heard the angelical song—
"Glory to God; good-will to men!"
Echoed the holy throng.

Sages, high in the mystic East,
Saw the miraculous star;
Came and knelt at the true King's feet,
With offerings from afar.

Fondly the Mother bent o'er her Babe,
Sung it to sleep on her breast;
He on whose bosom a weary world
Findeth perfect rest.

Stars still shine, and the world grows old,
Its shadows fly on to the dawn;
But forever we sing the Christmas song—
"Jesus to-day was born!"

MINA'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY F. R. LITTLEJOHN.

Little Mina! What right has she to edge her way in between the silks and velvets, crowding the aisles of the great stone city church? Little Mina, with her tossed hair, her cinder-colored hands, her bedraggled skirts, and her bare feet that would show the blue of cold were it not for their coating of muddy snow—this is no place for her! This is no place for you child; see, all the children here have on warm, handsome clothing, fur around their necks, drooping feathers in their hats! A circlet of dirt around your throat, Mina, hardly takes the place of a mink collar, nor long dank hair that of drooping feathers. Away, child, away to the curb-stone! the piled-up snow will suffice you for bon-bons, the lamp-light yonder will suffice you for a lighted Christmas-tree, all hung as it is with little cornucopia-shaped icicles.

Her step is quick and resolute. The silks part, and are held back at a distance to let her pass. With eager eyes she gazes, not around the church at the crowd of happy faces, but straight before her, where, at the end of the long aisle, stands the grand old Christmas-tree, lighted brilliantly, and loaded down with wealth untold, as it seems to Mina.

She has never seen such a picture of beauty before in her whole life. It is indeed a fairy vision for her. Her whole being seems to dilate, and a long-drawn sigh of wonder escapes from her blue lips.

"Here! you have no business here, child!"

Alas! what a sudden wakening from her enchanting dream! The firm hand on her shoulder, the hard voice above her head—how often has she felt just such a grip, heard just such a tone!

The silks are once more lifted to one side as she passes—passes this time not into the Christmas light of the church, but into the every-day darkness of the outside world.

Hot scalding tears course down her cheeks; excitedly she hurries hither and thither to find, if possible, another door through which she can push her way for one more sight of the warm lights and sparkling tree.

But her search is fruitless; she returns to the sidewalk, curls herself up underneath the lamp-post, quivering with vexation, shivering with cold, and—waits.

It is Christmas-eve, and all the world seems happy but herself. Even little Carl, at home, was dancing with glee this evening as he hung up a borrowed sock on the window-sash, full of belief that Santa Claus would not pass him by without dropping some little trifle in it for him. Poor little Carl had forgotten there was no chimney in their wretched room; and that Santa Claus could never enter a room in any other way than by a chimney. But he was happy at least for this one night, while Mina—yes, it really seemed that all the world was happy but herself.

Yet was not our dear Lord born for her sake on the first of all Christmas-days, just as much as for the sake of the wealthy children inside the great stone church? Should not little Mina too have cause to remember the joy of this night.

The stars at least look down kindly upon her, and the lamp-light flickers in an attempt at cheerfulness over her head; but the frosty wind sweeps around the street corner as if it would carry little Mina far away, away among the stars.

Now a carol sung by children's voices breaks the stillness. Four sweet verses there are, and then silence settles down once more upon the night air.

Mina hums over the last strain—she must remember that for little Carl—hums it again and again as if there were something in it warming, cheering to her soul.

Now, at last, the door is thrown open, and the crowd surges out of the church, chatting, jesting, and laughing. Mina watches the people as they pass her, all unnoticed at the lamp-post's base. One velvet skirt brushes over her icy hands. She pushes it angrily away and draws herself still further out of sight.

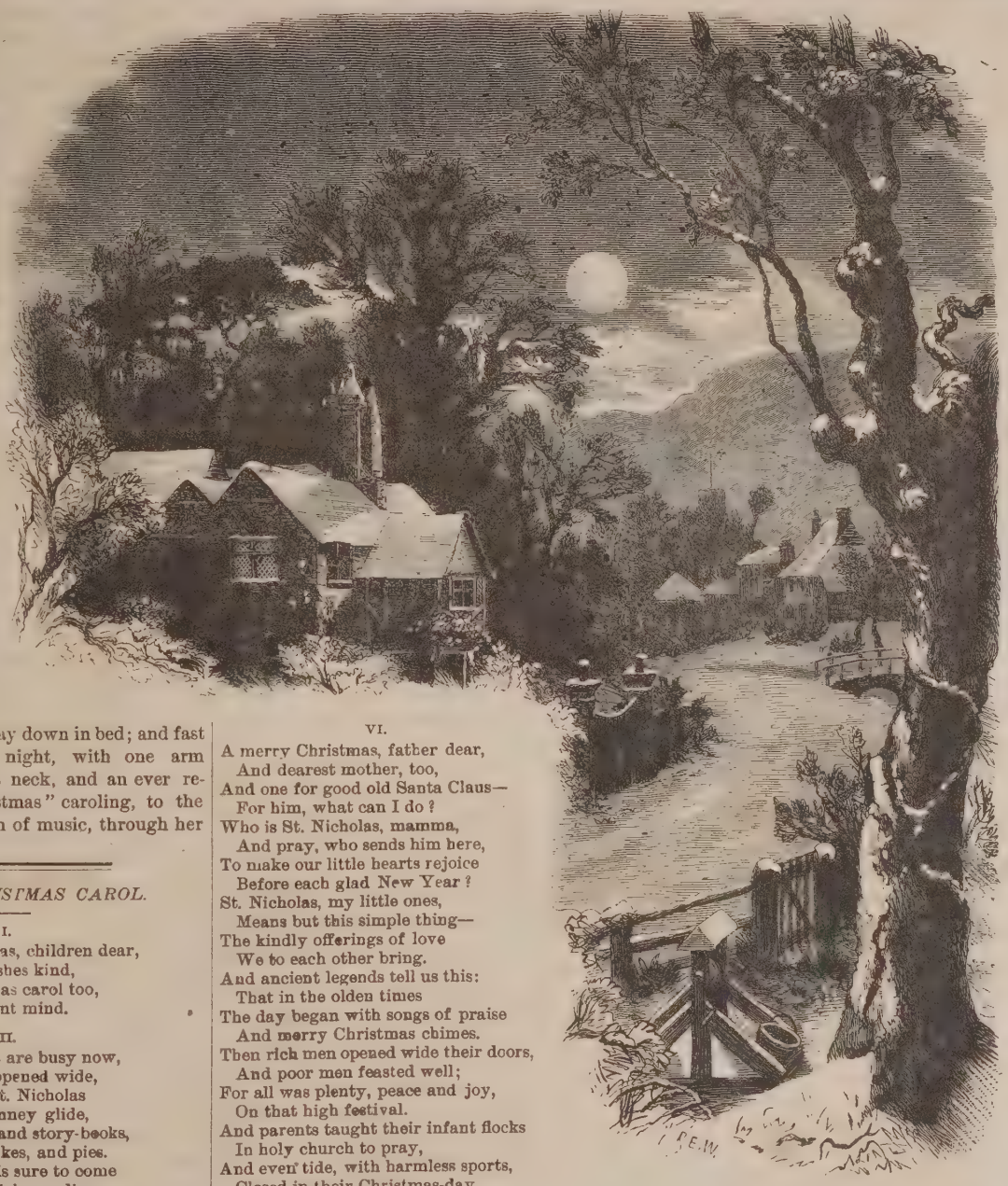
What troops of children there are! and all with bundles in their arms, and happiness in their faces. One little one, smaller than the rest, now catches her eye. Like a little white rabbit she is, in her coat and cap of fur. She skips merrily on her way, her hand locked firmly in her father's. Suddenly she turns her head in Mina's direction—perhaps it is Mina's earnest gaze that has attracted her—their eyes meet, there is an exchange of smiles, a pitying look on the little one's face; then a slipping of the tiny hand from her father's, a backward running of a few steps, and a "Merry Kismas! Here, little girl, take dis. Santa C'aus will bwing me lots more to-night," and a large gay cornucopia is dropped in Mina's lap.

Little Mina! what cares she now for the firm hand, the hard voice, that turned her away from the sight of the Christmas-tree! All bitterness has left her now. The sweet "Merry Kismas!" has found an echo in her heart, and has set it beating loud and fast.

She stands up her full height, and holding the cornucopia in the lamp-light's glare takes a long look at her Christmas gift. It is fully as beautiful as any she has seen that day in the store windows. The picture on one side of Santa Claus and his reindeer, surrounded by bright holly-leaves and deep red berries, opens a world of delight in her mind. Untying the ribbon at the top, she opens the paper and peeps in. What a store of gay-colored candy! She takes out just one, and puts it in her mouth; then she ties the blue ribbon, and hiding her treasure in her dress starts for home.

The feel, the touch of that cornucopia seems to lend wings to her feet as she traces her course to the wretched alley. She climbs

the broken stairs, and gropes her way in the dark room to the old limp, borrowed sock, dangling from the window-sill. Giving one affectionate squeeze to her candy horn, she drops it in the sock, limp now no longer. She long for light so that she may see the new shape the sock has assumed; but for that pleasure she must wait. Then she determines not to tell Carl one word about her adventure. He must think that good Santa Claus dropped the cornucopia from his pack—as he surely would drop something, muses Mina, if there were but a chimney in the room. No! she will pretend to be fully as surprised as little Carl himself when morning comes.



Tremblingly Mina lay down in bed; and fast asleep she fell that night, with one arm thrown around Carl's neck, and an ever repeated "Merry Christmas" caroling, to the last remembered strain of music, through her happy heart.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

A merry Christmas, children dear,
I send, with wishes kind,
A simple Christmas carol too,
To suit the infant mind.

II.

Your little brains are busy now,
Your eyes are opened wide,
To see the good St. Nicholas
Out of the chimney glide,
Laden with toys and story-books,
With candy, cakes, and pies.
For Santa Claus is sure to come
With full and rich supplies.

III.

A roguish little fellow, he!
So saith our ancient song;
Sly as a fox, and full of glee,
And broad as he is long.
All closely wrapped, so nice and warm,
In fur from top to toes,
And in his hand a string of bells
That jingle as he goes.

IV.

But you will never see him, though
You're sitting up to see;
For he is quick as lightning's flash,
A roguish fellow, he!
Then children should be very good,
And go to bed betimes;
And say their prayers, as they are taught,
Before the Christmas chimes.

V.

Mind well to hang the stockings up!
And when you're fast asleep
The Christmas toys and Christmas joys
Will o'er your slumbers creep.
And on the merry Christmas morn
How early you will run,
And take from out their hiding-place
The presents, one by one!
Your eyes will sparkle then with joy,
And with a hearty cheer
Make haste to welcome all your friends
As soon as they appear.

VI.

A merry Christmas, father dear,
And dearest mother, too,
And one for good old Santa Claus—
For him, what can I do?
Who is St. Nicholas, mamma,
And pray, who sends him here,
To make our little hearts rejoice
Before each glad New Year?
St. Nicholas, my little ones,
Means but this simple thing—
The kindly offerings of love
We to each other bring.
And ancient legends tell us this:
That in the olden times
The day began with songs of praise
And merry Christmas chimes.
Then rich men opened wide their doors,
And poor men feasted well;
For all was plenty, peace and joy,
On that high festival.
And parents taught their infant flocks
In holy church to pray,
And even tide, with harmless sports,
Closed in their Christmas-day.

VII.

Doubt not that on such harmless mirth
The glorious God hath smiled,
For Christmas owes its origin
E'en to a little Child.
Of humble parentage and birth,
And in a manger laid,
He often had not while on earth,
A place to lay His head.

VIII.

Yet angels o'er His lowly couch
Chanted their songs of praise;
The brightest star in heaven shed
On Him its gentle rays.
Shepherds who watched their flocks by night,
Though trembling and afraid,
Followed that strange, mysterious light,
And found where Christ was laid.

IX.

And wise men too, of high renown,
Paid Him their homage low,
By faith they saw the kingly crown
Upon His infant brow.
With costly gifts and joyful songs
All worshipped where He lay,
And thus began in ancient time
Our sacred Christmas-day.

X.

Ye know this Child of humble birth,
This Babe of Bethlehem,
He is the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
With regal diadem!
Descending from His throne in heaven,
His mansion in the sky,
He came, with all-redeeming love,
For sinful man to die.

XI.

Ye know, by wicked hands was He,
The Lord of Glory, slain;
Ye also know, on God's right hand
He doth forever reign.
His was a pure and spotless life,
And marked by precepts mild;
Ever amid the world's dark strife,
The pure, the undefiled.
Young children to His arms were brought
(And they were not afraid),
Kindly He said: "Forbid them not!
Of such My kingdom's made."

XII.

Then, children dear, remember this:
Mingle with all your mirth
Praise to the Babe of Bethlehem,
The Lord of Heaven and Earth.
Thus may your little hearts alway
In innocence rejoice;
God frowns not on your harmless play,
Nor checks your gladsome voice.

XIII.

I've sung my Christmas carol through:
It is a simple lay,
Suited to none but infant minds,
On merry Christmas-day.

HAROLD'S CHRISTMAS.

BY J. C. P.

"Merry, merry Christmas everywhere,
How it whispers through the air,
Christmas songs, Christmas trees,
Christmas murmurs through the breeze,
Merry, merry Christmas everywhere!"

So sang our little Harold as he examined and arranged for the twentieth time the beautiful presents which Santa Claus had put in and around his stocking the night before; and "Merry Christmas!" we echoed in our hearts, so full of love and joy.

Even the frosty air and the dropping snowflakes seemed to share in the general rejoicing; and when the sun, after a good deal of trying, peered through the clouds, his light seemed so golden and cheery; more than ever before, we thought.

Harold's delight knew no bounds. What a jolly lot of toys! A drum and soldier-cap, a paint-box, menagerie, and above all a splendid new sled, painted red, with the word "Hero" on it in gold letters.

Never was there a happier boy.

"Just what I wanted! how could Santa Claus know just what to bring?" and the little one danced with delight at his treasures.

As soon as his breakfast was eaten he begged permission to try his new sled on the sidewalk, where quite a quantity of snow had fallen, and promised to be very, very careful if Baby Walter (three years old) could go with him.

Dear little boys—God bless them. Harold, so proud and manly, was pony and coachman in one, and Walter's bright eyes and breezy curls were almost buried in scarfs, cap, and wraps, in which he was bundled to keep him warm. Oh what a merry time they had, and how Walter blew his tin horn, and made pony Harold prance and dance at its loud music! Never was there a livelier sleighing party; up and down the stroet they ran, once almost a runaway, and Walter nearly tipped into the snow-bank. By and by Walter grew tired, and his little nose was red with cold. He stopped his fiery steed and said he wanted to go in the house and see Santa Claus's "things," and then poor Harold was left with an empty sled, and no prospect of passengers.

Standing alone, thinking what to do, he heard some one say in a faint voice, "Merry Christmas!" and turning, saw a boy near him looking most admiringly at the pretty sled.

He was not quite so large as Harold, was poorly dressed, and looked very cold. Harold (who is always ready to talk to every one he meets) answered the boy's greeting and told him this new sled was from Santa Claus—just come; and asked him what he got in his stocking.

To his surprise and sorrow the strange boy said he did not hang up his stocking; that he used to do so, but his father had died, and his mother was sick and could not work at all. "But," said he, "we had a *fire* last night," and his face brightened with pleasure at the remembrance of it.

He told how a load of coal, dumped in front of a house near by, had some of it lodged behind a fence, where it was left by the heaver, and he had collected enough pieces to make a fire that both warmed and lighted the dreary room which was his home, and thus he had kept his Christmas-eve.

Poor Harold, he had never seen a boy before who did not hang up his stocking, and his kind heart rebelled at the thought. As the boy carried a bag, he asked him what it was for, and where he was going.

"To get some breakfast for mother," was the reply.

And he said that he hoped some of the people in the houses near would give him some. So Harold, to help what he could, told him to sit on the sled and he would drag him along, and wait in front while he went into the different houses to beg.

It was a strange sight to see these two boys, one tugging along with the heavy sled, the other shy, yet pleased at the ride and his novel position; yet fearing every moment to be driven away or rebuked.

After trying at several houses with but poor success, and finding his new friend was still breakfastless himself, they came to Harold's home, where, stopping at the basement he said, "Now you *are* a good boy, aren't you, and wont run off with my sled if I leave it here with you while I go to the kitchen?" The boy said he would not move from that spot where he was standing; and sure enough there he was when Harold came back, and how his eyes sparkled when he saw the good things which cook had given for the hungry child—rolls, cold meat, etc., almost his little bag full. Such a treat he had not known for many days. As Harold poured them into his bag he exclaimed, "Mother will be so glad, she likes meat; now we never have it any more!"

He wanted to go right home, even the sleigh-riding was forgotten in the joy of his new-found treasure; but Harold told him if he would come back after dinner he would ask mamma to let him bring down his drum and soldier-cap to show him. Giving him a short ride on his homeward way they then parted, and Harold came into the house full of his adventure and interest in his new-found friend.

"He is a good boy, I know he is, mamma; and he had no Christmas, no Santa Claus—only a *fire!* Can't I give him some of mine, and send them dinner every day, for his mother is sick, and he has no father?"

At dinner, his orange, the leg of a turkey, a few nuts, and a branch of celery were laid aside, and Harold was watching at the window for the little boy to come, and he came promptly too. Mamma went down to see him and found a gentle, slender boy, illy clad and evidently poorly fed; his story the same as that of hundreds in these days—a dead father, an over-tired, work-worn mother, who had seen better days.

Through Harold's solicitation, after food and fire had been sent to the sick woman, she was soon better and could work again; her boy was placed in school, and a place in the Sunday mission found for him.

For a long time Harold saved part of his breakfast and his dessert at dinner for the little stranger, who was known among us as Harold's friend; and from that one kind act and good deed that Christmas morning, how much blessing came to this mother and son, and how much joy it added to Harold's day.

Let every little child who reads this, and some of larger growth, resolve to *give* as well as to receive pleasure and good on this and each coming Christmas-day, and as the child works in helping and cheering its brother-child, so grows the Christian manhood in the strength and spirit our dear Lord expresses when He bids us bear one another's burdens.

Life is so uncertain—not only existence itself, but the manifold changes and trials which come we know not when or where—those who are happy and free to-day may be feeble and dependent to-morrow, and every child should feel that his duty is loving and helping all—that it is truy "more blessed to give than to receive."

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY G. BUTT.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."
—*Coleridge.*

"And it is quite, quite true, mother?" said Kitty, who was lying at her mother's feet, with her soft head against her mother's hand. "I like that story."

"It is only a story after all," said Mrs. Gwynne, smoothing Kitty's ruffled hair; "but it teaches us some things, I think. You see, Kitty, it is to show us that when our Lord was born at Christmas-time, all the heavens and earth were very glad, and even the animals were glad too; so, because He was born in a manger, with the cows in their stalls about Him, the Germans made up this story of how on Christmas-eve, God's angels touch the dumb creatures, and they praise Him. No, my dear, it is not true, of course; only we know that, even in their silence, all God's creatures praise Him."

"But it would have been so funny to hear them talk," said Kitty, raising herself a little, and staring with her great round eyes into her mother's sweet face. "And Christmas-eve and all; and oh! that lazy Polly is asleep!"

Here another curly head and flushed face rose indignantly from the woolly rug, and another pair of round black eyes denied the charge.

"I was listening," said Polly, "about the cows and all. Mother, is it Christmas-eve to-night?"

"Yes."

"And do they praise God to-night? Would the cows be talking in our farm?"

"Not talking, Polly," said Mrs. Gwynne, smiling; "but praising God, I think, always; and there is nurse's knock, children, and the dinner-bell, and father's step on the stairs—all the good things come at once."

"Except bed," said Kitty, dolefully. "How many more Christmases have I, mother, before I am grown up?"

"Nearly twelve—twelve long happy years."

"And Polly has thirteen," said Kitty; "she's got the longest time to wait."

Polly said nothing—her round face was grave and puzzled, her black eyes were wide open; she was thinking so deeply that she half forgot to kiss her mother for good-night.

"Asleep and dreaming already!" said Mrs. Gwynne, laughing, as she held her close. "God bless you, my Polly, and send you a merry Christmas!"

There was no making Polly out that night. She undressed quite solemnly, without dancing or pirouetting about, without waking the baby, without even teasing nurse; and when she was put into the little room out of the nursery, with the gas turned low, she lay with her eyes wide open, watching.

Nurse seemed to have very much to do before supper time to-night. She folded up all the little garments separately and laid them

n the chairs, she stuck some pieces of holly bout the pictures, and hung two little black ilk stockings up against the chimney-piece; nen she came and tucked up two little com- ortable beds, and kissed the soft round heeks. Kitty was so fast asleep that the kiss id not wake her, but Polly put both her rms round nurse's neck.

"Laws, Miss Polly!" said nurse, "and ve just tucked your arms in. Go to sleep ow, my dear, and dream of Christmas-day. ll leave the gas in for a time. I'm going to upper."

Then she turned the gas a little lower, opped the door ajar, and went heavily down ne passage. Then in the far, far distance a oor banged softly.

Polly raised herself on her elbow and looked ound.

"Kitty!" she called softly, but there was o answer except a heavy sigh.

Then she softly pushed the clothes off her, nd looked round half-frightened, half- eased, planted her two little feet upon the rpet, and stood upright. Her heart was ating very fast and loud, but she slipped to the day-nursery and began hurrying on e clean clothes that nurse had laid out upon e chairs.

She could not manage to tie anything very ell, because they all fastened behind, but e put her pinafore on over everything and ew the belt tight; then, with her bare feet, e pattered to the door.

"I've got no shoes on," she said to herself, o they wont hear me;" and she danced down the passage, while her feet made faint, uncertain patter like scampering ce.

Down the stairs, past the drawing-room or she ran panting, her great eyes brilliant th excitement, and no thought of fear about r.

There were voices talking, but she never pped to listen; she slipped into the con- vatory that opened out of the morning- om, and in another minute was out in the rden, for it was very early still, and the ors were not locked.

It felt very cold somehow out here, and y lonely, and her feet sank into the soft nite snow, and felt numb and frozen; but it d a pleasant feeling too, and she ran scat- ing it right and left into little drifts.

Through the shrubbery, and over the lawn, er the gate into the lane—a tiring stony e—that ended in a sort of court-yard with ildings all around.

Over the stones she pattered in the moon- ht up to the wooden doors, and there she pped to listen. Her heart seemed to stop for a minute, and then to go beating mad- on, for out of the stables there came low, it sounds and heavy footsteps as the cows ned upon the straw, or lowed plaintively he cold. Then Polly opened the door a nk and looked in.

Three great white cows turned solemnly l looked at her, but she did not feel afraid. t is Christmas-eve," she said to herself to ll that heavy beating of her heart. "I rd them talking—perhaps they were tell- each other about the Baby in the ager."

Through the chink of the great doors the onlight fell in a narrow streak; and when ly crept into a corner, and nestled into straw, the cows turned their glaring eyes y and seemed to forget her.

Perhaps if I keep quite still they will go on talking to each other again presently,' she thought; and she held her breath and waited.

Presently the straw moved. There was a heavy, awkward shuffling of feet, and the white cow that had lain in the centre stall came over to her, and laid its cold white head against her hand.

"For the dear Lord's sake," a voice said softly, "who was born in a manger, be kind to all His creatures!"

"I am kind," said Polly faintly, pushing herself far back into the corner. "I never threw the stones, *indeed*, I was only on the wall, looking, and I thought you were going to run at me; but I never threw a stone—not one."

"Children forget," said the white cow, in its soft voice, "that our Lord has made us all sacred, even His dumb creatures. He set us apart, you know, because amongst us He was born, and on our straw He lay; and we were the first who saw the Wise Men, and the Star above the stables."

"Yes, I know," said Polly, kneeling up, and forgetting to be afraid; "I don't remember it always, nor does Kitty, but I will speak to her about it to-morrow."

"For the dear Lord's sake!" the white cow said, and she laid her white head against Polly's cold hand again; but this time Polly stretched it out and stroked the white head softly.

"I will tell them all," she said, "about throwing stones."

"God set us apart too," another voice said, so close beside her that she started. "And yet you forget that also—overworked, overtired, struck, kicked, cursed, as the lowest of His creatures—we too have a place given to us that is higher than you think. Have you forgotten the day when Jesus rode into Jerusalem, and the palm-branches were strewed upon the way, and the people shouted? He was riding on an ass, you know."

"Oh, I know," cried Polly, clasping her hands, "and then there was an ass that spoke and told about the angel in the way. Are you my little donkey? Who kicked you, and hurt you, and made you tired? That must have been Billy—our boy who drives you; because I wouldn't think of hurting you, nor would Kitty."

"The dear Lord loved us," said the creature; and he too pushed his cold nose against Polly's hair, and leaned against her.

"Oh, it is too hard, too hard," cried Polly passionately, "to treat you so! I will tell Billy that you have told me all about it! Oh, my little donkey, that I loved so much! I am so glad you reminded me that the dear Lord loved you too."

Then there came the fluttering of little wings, and in at the square window above her head there flew a brown bird that beat its breast against the wooden stall, and cried with a sad, monotonous cry that startled Polly from her knees.

It pecked with its beak against the bars as though they were the bars of a prison, and then it cried again more plaintively than before. Polly sat up, and looked with awe-struck eyes at the mother-bird beating out her heart against the cruel bars; and then she said gently, a little frightened:

"What is it, little sparrow, that makes you cry like that?"

At the sound of her sweet voice the sparrow drooped her head, and folded her restless wings and nestled, with beating heart, against Polly's own warm heart, while her tears rained down heavily upon its ruffled feathers.

"Have you no eggs?" she said, "or no nest, or no little birds to love? Who has hurt and frightened you, sparrow?"

Then the sparrow made answer sadly:

"In the spring-time long ago, I had a nest and five blue eggs; and one day, when I sat on a branch of the tree praising the dear Lord, I saw two hands take my nest away—two cruel little hands that took my eggs, and threw the nest down to be trampled in the dust—while only the dear Lord pitied my broken heart. Before Him we are unforgotten—in His sight we are of value, for He careth for us; so for the sake of Him who loves us, you should be good to us."

"I will be good," cried Polly weeping passionately; "but indeed it was not I who took the eggs. Don't tell my secret, if I whisper it to you—never tell it to any one—but it was Kitty who took the eggs, not I. They looked so pretty and so blue, sparrow, and we just peeped in; but we will never take any eggs again, for your sake, pretty sparrow."

"For the dear Lord's sake!" said the sparrow, and she laid her head for a minute against Polly's hand, and then spread her wings to fly.

"Oh, stay!" cried Polly; "stay! stay!" but the sparrow still struggled feebly, and something held her arms as she stretched them up, and then the roof opened, and looking up after the sparrow she saw myriads of stars, and one brighter than the rest that stood above the stable-door.

But there was something between her and the stars—lights and voices and faces—faces that looked down on her in troubled wonder, and voices that she knew.

"Safe, thank God!" she heard her mother say; and then some one knelt down upon the straw beside her, and gently pushed the white cow's head aside.

"Why, Polly! what brought you here asleep?"

"I was wide awake," said Polly, rubbing her round eyes; "and they were talking to me. Where has my sparrow gone?"

"Dreaming still!" said Mrs. Gwynne; and she took Polly up into her arms and held her close. "Why, we have been hunting for you all night—and then to find you in this cold place with old Daisy's head on your lap!"

"I was wide awake," said Polly again; "I meant to creep back soon."

"Why, it is nearly morning!" said Mrs. Gwynne; "five o'clock! and we only found you at last by these footsteps."

She stooped down, and in the moonlight Polly saw the little marks of her bare feet in the light covering of snow that wrapt the sleeping earth. Such little steps! such tired feet to have led her so very far! For after all she had been beyond the stable and the oxen and God's dumb creatures—up nearer to God's tender love than perhaps the long slow years would ever take her again!

They carried her home; and when nurse, not without tears, laid her back in bed and tucked her up, she was so fast asleep that no tears would wake her. Even at twelve o'clock next morning it was Kitty's soft face against hers that roused her from those deep slumbers; and there, with her arms round Kitty's neck, she whispered the story of the curious dream, that they never afterwards forgot. For they were always very kind to God's dumb creatures, for the sake of the dear Lord who loved them too.

PARAGRAPHS.

At a meeting of the English Wesleyan Conference Committee, held recently at its mission house, Sir Francis Lycett stated that there were 9,000 towns and villages in England in which there were no Methodist chapels.

The electric light has been tried in the cathedral at Bristol, England, and found very effective. Small print could be read at the distance of about a hundred feet. The effect throughout the spacious nave was very striking, and it was thought that the new method of lighting would be used in the cathedral during the special Advent services.

Dr. Littledale, in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, says: "There are 60,000 French priests out of a total of 150,000 ecclesiastics; and on any reasonable estimate of the proportion of gentlefolk to the nation, there ought to be at least 3,000 or 4,000 priests drawn from the higher social grades. As a fact, it would be difficult to find ten outside the Jesuit body."

Dr. Parker, of the London City Temple, has discovered that the Congregational Union is "a commercial undertaking." He says that "it has stock in the Great India Peninsular Railway," and in one way or another "handles £8,000 a year for commercial and literary purposes"; and then he comes to the pertinent conclusion—"When you put all these things together you will see that the Union that publishes a balance sheet is *bound* to publish a creed."

Equality of rank there can never be. Equality of wealth there can never be. Equality of intellect there can never be. Equality of influence there can never be. Such is the ordinance of God's providence. In the will of man, as in the world of nature, there must always be the molehills as well as the mountains, and the thistles as well as the forest trees. But equality of hopes, equality of aims, equality of essential happiness, equality of pure and true thoughts, there *may* be, and equality of common destiny there *is*.—*Canon Farrar in the Christian Reader.*

It is always well to remember that nothing in the world is easier than to pull down and destroy. It requires no intelligence, no character, only power and will. One hen, scratching for worms, will destroy in an hour what nature and the gardener have been years in producing. The veriest dolt, with a pickaxe on the Parthenon, allowed to indulge his destructive propensities, would soon make that charming building an unsightly ruin. Nothing is easier than to find fault, to tear down, and to destroy. An oil spot can be put in a second on a silk dress, and every day it will gather more and more of the dust that is always flying.

A correspondent of the London *Notes and Queries* writes: A curious old custom still lingers in some of the more secluded parts of the country of placing a patient suffering from small-pox in a bed with red hangings. It would be interesting to know the origin of this custom, and how long it has been in vogue. The tradition that red is good for small-pox is at least five centuries and a half old, for we read that John, one of the sons of Edward II., was treated for the disease by being put into a bed surrounded by red hangings, covered with red blankets and a red counterpane, his throat being gargled with red mulberry wine, and the red juice of pomegranates being given him to suck. This was the boasted prescription of John of Gaddesden, who took no small credit to himself for bringing his royal patient safely through the disease.

Sir James Paget, in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, on the "Contrast of Temperance with Abstinence," quotes the following passage on each man's lineal ancestors from "Blackstone's Commentaries," Vol. II., p. 202: "It is in the first view astonishing to consider the number of lineal ancestors which every man hath within no very great number of degrees; and so many different bloods is a man said to contain in his veins as he hath lineal ancestors. Of these he hath two in the first ascending degree, his own parents; he hath four in the second, the parents of his father and the parents of his mother; he hath eight in the third, the parents of his two grandfathers and two grandmothers; and by the same rule of progression he hath 128 in the seventh, 1,024 in the tenth, and at the twentieth degree, at the distance of twenty generations, every man hath above 1,000,000 of ancestors, as common arithmetic will demonstrate."

In his late charge the Bishop of Durham said: In a visit which I once made, when a young clergyman, to the churches of Belgium, so remarkable for the grandeur and elaborate carving of their pulpits, my attention was especially attracted by one well suited to enforce a solemn lesson on every one who might occupy it. There arose from the back of it a gigantic figure of death, stretching its gaunt skeleton form over the head of the preacher, and holding in one hand a scythe, and with the other presenting a scroll on which was inscribed, "Hasten thou to gather in thy harvest, for I must soon reap mine." Yes! it is the brevity of the opportunity and the inestimable interests at stake which render the ministerial office of such urgency that no season may be missed, no effort spared, in order that it may accomplish its work. We have to "preach as dying unto dying men." And not merely preach. For the clergyman has to take heed to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer. He has to seek out the erring, to raise the fallen, to comfort the weak, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, "warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom," as one who knows not how soon their day of grace may end, or how suddenly he may be called to give account of his stewardship.

There are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do not "color" a story or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable. There are others who you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they "stretch" things so. A trifling incident grows in size but not in quality by passing through their mouth. They take a small fact, or slender bit of news, and pad it with added words, and paint it with high colored adjectives, until it is largely unreal, and gives a false impression. And one doesn't like to listen to folk when so much must be "allowed for shrinkage." Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never "stretch" a story or a fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust you and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories, or making foolishly and falsely "funny" remarks. There are enough true, funny things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining when told just exactly as they came to pass. One has well said, "Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend."

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